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The Week

MEXICAN relations have entered the realm of secret diplomacy, and with a vengeance. The contents of the latest American note are still, as we go to press, a mystery. There is some reason to believe, however, that it was so stiff in its terms as to constitute a virtual ultimatum. Light is thrown on its possible character by a comment made last week by "the White House spokesman." A commercial treaty with Mexico is about to expire, and the President was reported as hesitating to recommend its renewal, though ordinarily such action would be a matter of course. It was explained that this treaty requires the American government to furnish the Mexican authorities with a statement of all merchandise crossing the border. If Washington should decide to lift the embargo on arms shipments, the treaty obligation would prove embarrassing. Such shipments would go to revolutionary forces intent on overthrowing the Calles government; and secrecy is a sine qua non of the revolutionists. No terms are too strong to characterize this suggestion. Readers of the New Republic know the reasons which, in the opinion of this journal, make it desirable that the arms embargo should not be raised, and we shall not repeat the arguments here. The suggestion that such action is now being considered can only have been meant as a threat to Mexico, one more of the long series of efforts to bully her government into yielding on the oil and land laws.

WHILE Congress was still in session it was predicted that as soon as adjournment had taken place, and the administration had matters entirely in its own hands, we might expect drastic developments looking toward the coercion of the Calles government. These prophecies now seem likely to be realized. Secretary Kellogg, who drags Mr. Coolidge after him on this question, seems to have learned nothing from the storm of public disapproval which he has brought down on himself in recent months by his Latin-American policy. He is still determined to have his way, at whatever cost. It may yet prove a real tragedy that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee was not empowered to remain in session during the recess. As it is, the friends of a decent and honorable policy toward the government of a neighboring republic, trying to work out its salvation in the way which seems best to its own citizens, are terribly handicapped.

ITALY has signed the treaty recognizing Rumania's possession of Bessarabia, and once more the European chancelleries are thrown into a ferment. Russia, which has never abandoned hope of seizing Bessarabia, regards this action by Italy as a slap in the face, from a nation with which the Soviet government has long enjoyed amicable relations. Moscow, which believes that it is being subjected to a British policy of hostile encirclement, looks upon Italy's action as the result of Austen Chamberlain's successful diplomacy, and as not unconnected with Italian support for British policy in China. France is disturbed over the breaking up of the Little Entente and the removal of Rumania from her sphere of influence to that of Italy. Jugoslavia, already profoundly agitated because of Italy's treaty with Albania, sees the potential enemy across the Adriatic wielding a much augmented power in the Balkans. In short, Mussolini's action has enormously

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increased the tension of an international situation which was already sufficiently serious. It is the sort of problem with which the League of Nations is incompetent to deal, precisely because so many countries are involved, and so seriously.

THE unrest created by the recent Italo-Albanian treaty does not abate with the passage of time. There is good reason to believe that the Jugoslavs are right when they charge that Italy means to make Albania into what is virtually a colony. Large numbers of Italian emigrants will be sent there, Italian capital will be invested, and Albania will form an important link in the strategic plans of the Italian General Staff. Ahmed Zogu, the dictator who sold out, first to Jugoslavia and then to Italy, appears to be disliked by the Albanians almost as much as he now is by the Jugoslavs. Those whose ruler he nominally is object as much to one form of foreign dictatorship as another. They want, of course, to be independent—an ambition which has no chance whatever of being satisfied, as things are going. It is not at all unlikely that the Albanian situation may start a fire which will spread throughout the Balkans, and perhaps involve western Europe as well.

UNITED States Senator William H. King is not permitted to visit Haiti and inquire into conditions there. The Haitian government "considers him undesirable" and "forbids access to him." The reasons alleged are that Senator King has criticized the President of Haiti, and that his presence in the country would "provoke a political agitation" on the part of dissatisfied elements. The refusal to admit him would be of the most extraordinary and serious character, even if Haiti were a free and independent country. But everyone knows it is not. The government of Haiti is a puppet of the United States. It is maintained in power by the armed forces of this country, and it does precisely what the American State Department wants it to do. It is inconceivable that "President" Borno should have taken this extraordinary stand without consulting the Americans by whose bayonets he is kept both in office and alive. The State Department fought, with every means in its power, against the suggestion that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee should visit the Caribbean countries and find out what is being done there under the American flag. It is equally opposed to the unofficial visits to these countries which a number of progressive Senators have planned during the Congressional recess. Only the most naïve can fail to interpret the action of the Haitian government correctly. It is another link in the chain of evidence that the American State Department proposes to do what it pleases in Latin America, to suppress or distort the facts so that public opinion may be misled, and to defy that opinion if, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, news of what is going on does leak out.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE is to have his naval arms conference after all. Japan and Great Britain have accepted the revised suggestion for a three-power discussion. Moreover, France and Italy are now looking on the proposal in a more favorable light. It is likely that they will be represented, at least by unofficial observers. At worst, such a conference cannot do very much harm. With France and Italy not obligated, with Great Britain protected by her cautious reservation as to the special problems of the Empire, and with a disclaimer in advance of any desire on the part of the United States to use a big stick, the international tension will not be much increased. At the same time, it is difficult to see grounds for the hope that this conference will produce any substantial results, even in the special field of auxiliary naval craft. Great Britain would be willing to accept equality with the United States as to cruisers; but we must build up her standard, she will not come down to ours. France stands, particularly on the subject of airplanes and submarines, just where she stood in 1921, when she flatly refused to consider any limitation. Under Mussolini, Italy's policy looks toward a bigger navy, not a smaller one. And in any case, of course, nothing is to be done about land armaments. Even with the most favorable outcome, no taxpayer anywhere will get appreciable relief because of President Coolidge's conference; nor will it have any other important result.

STEADILY the question of the relationship of the electric power industry to the public is forging to the front as a major political issue. The news that an informal alliance for pressing this issue has been made among Senator Norris, Senator Walsh of Montana, other progressive Senators and Congressmen, ex-Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania and Governor Smith of New York, is one of the most hopeful signs on the political horizon. The issue is complex and difficult to present, but it is real and hence is being dramatized with increasing force by current events. In New York we see the refusal of the Republican machine, which controls the legislature, to make any terms with Governor Smith on his proposal to investigate the feasibility of a state water-power authority for public development of the Niagara and St. Lawrence hydro-electric projects. The Governor therefore proposes to hold a referendum on the subject, which would make power the chief issue of the fall campaign. In Washington we see the filibuster of the private power interests which prevented the passage of the Swing-Johnson bill for Boulder Dam—a failure which has aroused intense resentment in California. We see the shelving of Muscle Shoals legislation as a result of the final filibuster. We see the defiance of the Senate by Samuel Insull, in the matter of testimony relating to his contribution to the campaign of Senator Smith of Illinois, and the failure

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of the effort to bring him to book as well as to carry the investigation further. Gradually the political strength and irresponsibility of the power interests is being forced upon public attention, in a way which cannot be overlooked.

THE partial report of the Federal Trade Commission on the question of control by the General Electric Company over the power industry, while it contains a good deal of thin whitewash, does give wide currency to some facts on the industry as a whole which have previously been noted by the New Republic and others. It shows the pyramiding of control, through holding companies, into a few such groups as the Electric Bond and Share, the Stone and Webster, the North American, the Standard Gas and Electric (Byllesby), the Cities Service (Doherty), the Commonwealth Power, and others. It mentions the fairly typical instance in which an investment of less than a million dollars in the voting stock of the apex company gave control of "Scores of underlying companies and several hundred million dollars of investment." It states that since 1918 the "electric power industry has been relatively more profitable than business generally" though its rates are supposed to be regulated by public utility commissions. It says, "Unquestionably the opportunity of making such high rates of profit [21 percent to 40 percent in 1925] on the common stock equities furnishes the primary economic motive actuating promoters of the present extensive holding company movement." With such a stake to fight for, no wonder the utility interests are setting no limits on their efforts to prevent competition on the part of the public, and to sustain the high valuations of the properties from which these earnings arise.

A MASS meeting of mothers held in New York under the auspices of the United Neighborhood Houses gives eloquent testimony to the fact that the present state housing laws, even if they are successful, will not solve the housing problem for the average worker. Limited dividend housing companies, with the power of eminent domain and with tax exemption, cannot produce decent dwelling places at less than $10 or $12 a room a month. This expenditure on rent corresponds with a total family budget of nearly $2,500 a year. It has been estimated by the State Housing Commission that between 60 and 70 percent of the families in New York City have less than this to spend. A study in 1924, by the U. S. Department of Labor, of 115 families with incomes between $1,500 and $1,800, shows that they spend only $18.47 a month on rent, and of course they must have more than two rooms. Even this small allowance for housing compresses the other items miserably—it brings down the food allowance to fifteen cents per meal per person, for a family of four. The Charity Organization Society's budget for a family of five with an income of about $2,000 allows only $30 a month for rent. The problem of furnishing adequate housing for the majority of the population is still untouched. Apparently nothing can be done to solve it except by one of two radical alternatives—either a general and marked increase of wages, or public enterprise in housing which will cut out all profits and perhaps subsidize the undertaking.

THE mothers who testified at the mass meeting of the United Neighborhood Houses showed the natural result of such conditions. Of the total housing accommodations available, 35 percent are still old-law tenements, of a kind which it has been illegal to build for years. Halls are dark; there is insufficient light and air in the rooms; toilets are shared by as many as four families; even sinks have to be shared; staircases are of wood; the yards are small and filthy. New apartments are too small for people with children and are out of reach in price. Repairs in the old ones are not made by landlords. One mother, whose husband earns twenty-four dollars a week, has to live with her family of seven children in three rooms. She cannot find any better quarters within her means. The children must play in the street; one boy got into trouble and was sent away by the authorities. He could now come home, but is not allowed to return until the family can live in better conditions. This sort of thing is not an "emergency" created by the War, it has existed at least for one or two generations. It is a standing challenge to urban civilization. Every time a politician or business man boasts of our prosperity, he should be sentenced to live for at least a month in the congestion which not less than a third of the New York City population suffers continuously.

SECRETARY KELLOGG, poor man, is about to be visited by still more trouble. His new affliction which, as we write, is moving as rapidly as possible from Managua to Washington, consists in the person of one Lawrence Dennis, late First Secretary of the American Legation in Nicaragua, now resigned and bent upon telling the world of the large number of things which he finds wrong with American diplomacy. Like many other persons, he believes that the famous reorganization of the Foreign Service through the Rogers bill in 1924, supposedly for the benefit of the "career men," has failed to bring about the indicated Utopia. Important appointments are still given on a basis of favoritism, to persons of wealth, social position and special influence, according to Mr. Dennis and to numerous people who agree with him. Criticisms of this character have become so frequent that the matter cannot be hushed up much longer. An explosion is due which is likely to have some useful results, at least temporarily.

MR. DENNIS has some other charges to make, regarding our diplomacy in Nicaragua. He is re-

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ported to have in his possession a document emanating from Secretary Kellogg and sent to Managua shortly before the Nicaraguan election last November. In this communication, Mr. Dennis was urged to bring all possible pressure to bear to make sure that Diaz should be elected to the Presidency. The State Department has repeatedly and explicitly denied that it has interfered in the internal politics of Nicaragua in any way. If, therefore, this document should be authenticated, it would cause an administration scandal of the first magnitude. Had the Senate Foreign Relations Committee been permitted to remain in session during the recess, for the purpose of investigating Latin-American relations, Mr. Dennis might have been an exceedingly important witness before it. As it is, the State Department will, of course, make every effort to shut him up. Mr. Kellogg has already issued a denial that any such document was sent to Mr. Dennis; and the bright suggestion has been thrown out that it must be a forgery smuggled into the United States diplomatic mail pouch in Mexico. This is interesting; but we submit, with all due respect, that it is inconclusive. It will be remembered that Mr. Kellogg explicitly and formally told a Congressional committee that his former law partner, Assistant Secretary of State Robert E. Olds, had not tried to use the press associations to distribute stories about "Mexican Bolshevism" in Nicaragua. Is this second denial to be classed with the first?

THE revival business is at last to be systematized, standardized and put over in a big way. We learn that a syndicate has been formed to erect a chain of huge tabernacles in those American cities which seem most in need of moral repairs. Aimee Semple McPherson, Billy Sunday and others as much like these two inimitables as possible, would head a group of road shows, equipped with musicians, publicity men, adding machines and the other paraphernalia of modern, high-power evangelism. The traveling troop would go from one tabernacle to another, playing a two or three weeks' stand, or remaining longer if business continued to be good. The proposal is described as a hundred-million-dollar plan—a phrase which, translated out of the terminology of movie money, means that the promoters actually have a little cash, and hope to get more. It is a development which was bound to come. Both the Rev. William and Sister Aimee have demonstrated that their brand of super-vaudeville is enormously profitable. We wait confidently for a huge issue of stock and bonds for The Meek and Lowly (no par value) in which Wall Street will deal as it does in other gilt-edged securities.

YOU could hardly ask a more perfect example of the evils of censorship than has just been given by Boston, where the sale of nine novels has been prohibited by the police. All the familiar elements are present. Superintendent of Police Michael H. Crowley asserts that he "does not pretend to be a literary censor," and then proceeds to go ahead and be one. He has read the books and avers that "not one of them serves a good purpose"—a statement which suggests irresistibly that Superintendent Crowley's previous reading has been confined to The Children's Encyclopedia, and that his idea of a really worthy book is one which tells how to build a motor boat. The list of books suppressed includes one which has been on sale in Boston for more than three years, and did not educe any complaint even from the Grand High Sniffer Extraordinary, the late Reverend J. Frank Chase, secretary of the Watch and Ward Society. While we have not read all of the nine books which are thus sentenced to outer darkness, we accept the publishers' statements that several of them, at least, are wholly devoid of objectionable matter. Finally, we are informed that the official censorship, even in Boston, has no detrimental effect on the sales of any volume thus honored. On the contrary, such action results in greatly augmented distribution. Here you have a perfect picture of censorship as it looks, not in theory, but in practice.

A Catholic President?

AMONG all the prominent candidates for President in both parties, there is only one thorough-going progressive—Governor Alfred Smith of New York. He alone is capable of popularizing through the vehicle of party politics a progressive outlook on government and social organization as opposed to the Coolidge-Mellon rationalization of plutocracy. His personality has a naturalness, saltiness and vibrancy which awakens among his hearers and followers a temporary dislike of cant and a temporary craving for reality, and it is this quality on his part which fits him for the task of exposing the shams of Coolidgism and of reintroducing the contagion of progressivism into inert American opinion of today. The shrewd aggressiveness of his political punch is needed to shatter the ganglia of popular misconception which have distorted Mr. Coolidge's sour banalities into the messages of a master mind.

As a Presidential candidate, he has, however, one notorious and at present fatal disqualification. He is a Catholic. It was because of this disqualification that the New Republic, previous to the primary campaign of 1924, could not take much interest in him as a candidate. It seemed, four years ago, that with McAdoo and La Follette in the field, the candidacy of a man who, if he were nominated, would alienate anti-Catholic progressives, was at the moment a liability for the progressive cause. So, in our opinion, it subsequently proved to be. His candidacy in 1924 based itself on opposition to the Ku Klux Klan, and by involving the Democratic party to the limit in this fight, it diverted that party from

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undertaking the task of acting as the progressive alternative to Republicanism. But circumstances are different now. Mr. McAdoo is a candidate only for the purpose of defeating Governor Smith. The Republican progressives have no chance of being politically offensive except under the banner of an agrarian revolt, which is lacking in any generally progressive outlook. Governor Smith is the only candidate whose campaign and whose victory would restore a progressive outlook to some change of popularity and power. He should and will run. Yet his Catholicism continues to look like an insurmountable obstacle. Unless something is done about it, Governor Smith is, in our opinion, certain to be prevented from contributing his keen intelligence and courageous energy to the national service. Can anything be done about it? If so, what?

The possibility of doing anything about it depends in the first place upon a recognition of the force and gravity of the obstacle; and this is precisely what Governor Smith's partisans fail to do. So far as possible, they refuse to discuss the subject at all. They are afraid of it. They know that Catholics are extremely sensitive about any disparaging reference to Catholicism, and that they might as well reason with a pianola as with the regular anti-Catholic. Instead, consequently, of summoning the alleged objections to electing a Catholic President of the United States to the bar of public opinion, they either push them contemptuously aside or content themselves with calculating the number of objectors who may be beguiled into waiving their objections. They comfort themselves by assuming that none but Kleagles of the Ku Klux Klan and princes of the Supreme Kingdom will oppose the Governor on religious grounds. They prophesy confidently that even these fanatics, in so far as they reside in the South, will vote for any Democrat, whatever his religion may be, against any Republican. These tactics are, in our opinion, a mistake. Probably, in any event, Governor Smith cannot be nominated, but the only way to win for him a chance of nomination is to recognize that if the obstacle is ignored, it will become more, rather than less, formidable, that the anti-Catholic prejudice may not be entirely unreasonable and that something can be done to disarm reasonable objections.

To all appearances it is, of course, an outrageous anachronism in a republic like the United States, whose law and whose ideals abhor any discrimination against individuals on account of race and creed, that a man whose religious faith is shared by over 20,000,000 of his fellow citizens should find in this religion a disqualification for the Presidency. But it must be remembered that, according to the law, the qualifications of a President are exceptional. There are many thousands of men in the United States who are legally qualified to be a governor, a Senator or a justice of the Supreme Court, but who cannot be President. The President must be at least thirty-five years old, and he must be born on the soil of the United States. It is only according to precedent, consequently, that popular opinion also should propose regulations to which candidates must conform. The Constitution bestows on the President enormous discretionary powers—far greater than those exercised by any king or prime minister in Europe. He is the conspicuous, the continuous and the actively responsible representative of national sovereignty and cohesion. Public opinion must above everything else have confidence in him—confidence not necessarily in his ability as a statesman, but certainly in his good faith as the servant and guardian of organized American society in its secular aspect. His supreme and undivided loyalty to the state should be above suspicion. If any large number of his fellow citizens should, with some show of reason, suspect him in certain respects of a divided loyalty, the consequence would be terrible to contemplate. It would endanger the stability of American government and society.

Now the offense of which the average Protestant middle-class burgher suspects the Catholic is precisely that of divided loyalty. Catholics, as he is well aware, act under the influence of partly conscious and partly unconscious controls, which the Church has labored to weave into their minds from infancy. He receives this impression of the power of the Catholic hierarchy over the individual conscience from many sources: from the Irish cook who displays in her church-going a wholly exceptional persistence of purpose, from such phenomena as the refusal of the clergy to bestow the consolations of the Church upon those who have strayed from her ways, and finally, from the mysterious and overwhelming majesty of the Church itself. He conceives Catholics as a people who are moved about by wires which centre in the switchboard of the most powerful, resolute and self-conscious single organization in the world. He fears that a Catholic President, no matter how loyal, in ordinary conditions, to the secular state, may, in the case of a conflict of obligations, involuntarily prefer the interests of the Church to those of the American Republic.

For the most part, such suspicions are, of course, wholly unreasonable. They are the smouldering embers of a period of religious war when the Catholic Church was the enemy of those secular states which refused to recognize its right to dictate religious beliefs. At present, however, the Church usually asks nothing of the state except to be let alone. It does not oppose ecclesiastical to political authority. It proposes, in effect, to divide authority into two compartments—one of which is ruled by political, and the other by religious, regulations and officials. If this is done, a conflict can occur only when the state passes laws about religious worship, organization or education which interfere with the means which the Church adopts to save the souls of its members. The Roman Church is now engaged in such a war with the government of Mexico, but

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even in the case of this conflict, which has provoked intense bitterness of feeling on both sides, the hierarchy has publicly disavowed any intention of fomenting armed rebellion.

This theory is plausible, and for the most part it works well. But it is only a compromise which contains the germ of future conflicts rather than a genuine reconciliation. For the line which church and state each draw between religious and secular functions has never been satisfactory to either party. In the United States the chief disagreement turns on education. From the point of view of Catholicism, education is a religious activity and belongs to the Church. According to official American theory, it is a secular activity and belongs to the state. There are the germs of a serious conflict in this difference of opinion. The conflict has never come to a head, but only because the state has stepped aside to avoid a dispute. The politicians have not attached the supreme importance to secular education which the Catholic hierarchy has to religious education. They have assumed that the training which a child received in a parochial school would form quite as sound a preparation for citizenship in a modern democratic state as the training which it would receive in the public schools. But if this assumption is true, its truth is equivalent to an acknowledgement of the limitations of Protestant secular education rather than a vindication of Catholic education. If the kind of training which a child receives in a parochial school does educate him for citizenship in a democratic state, then the whole progressive movement in American education is blasphemous nonsense. Whenever the heads of the public schools in the United States really begin to believe in the virtue of their own methods, they will have the same reason for frowning upon the parochial schools as the Catholics have for excommunicating the public schools.

These considerations have a direct bearing upon one group of questions of major importance with which Al Smith, if he were elected President of the United States, would have to deal. We refer to our relations with Mexico. The quarrel between the Mexican government and the Catholic Church has many aspects; and in some of them the Catholic Church has, we believe, the better of the argument. But ultimately what the government demands is a better opportunity of educating the Mexican Indians. It is the opinion of the present rulers of Mexico that the education which the peons have in the past received from the Catholic Church, whatever its virtues, was certainly a desperately poor preparation for the subsequent assumption of political and social responsibilities. In this instance, every progressive who knows the facts and realizes the importance of the issue must sympathize with the aims and methods of the Mexican government. But we have yet to discover the Catholic who, in relation to this matter, does not see red. The Commonweal, which is the organ of "liberal" Catholicism, refers to the Calles government as "that accursed thing"; and the attacks which the Catholics are circulating against it in this country are as ill-tempered, as unfair and as fanatical as are the worst excesses of anti-Catholic agitators. The Knights of Columbus are doing their best to convince American public opinion that President Calles and his associates are a gang of Bolshevist conspirators who deserve to be treated like poisonous vermin. It is apparently the duty of any Catholic, if not actively to subsidize rebellion in Mexico, at least to outlaw the Mexican government and to adopt every means, short of insurrection or armed intervention, to destroy it.

If Governor Smith is to have any chance for the nomination, he cannot continue for long to remain silent on questions about which his Catholicism may bias his American statesmanship. He is on the whole right, for the present, in subordinating his candidacy for the Democratic nomination to the performance of his job as governor, but his work as governor need not interfere with an occasional speech which will allow his fellow citizens to search his mind about questions of national politics which he has hitherto ignored. If he continues his refusal to speak, he will increasingly justify the inference that he has something to conceal. Many of his milder opponents will surrender their misgivings as soon as he talks with his usual honesty about his own Catholicism and discusses frankly those matters of public policy which raise any question of divided loyalty. Until he does this, his public position will be obscured and compromised by clouds of innuendo and vagary. He cannot too repeatedly and explicitly explain that his political acts are not, and will not be, subject to undue influence by his Church, that he will not regard Mexico's policy towards Catholicism as any reason for outlawing the Mexican government and that, for the present, he is in favor of a system of public education which is free from ecclesiastical control. He is confronted by a deep-rooted popular prejudice which cannot be disarmed by a lofty air of disdain, or by a general disclaimer such as that "those who know Governor Smith's record will require no answer to such insulting queries."

Governor Smith is one of the handful of American politicians who believe in democracy and can realize its better aspirations. In his own state he has persuaded millions of humble and ignorant people to vote for good government. He is the common man's hostage to power and control. Ward politicians are kept out of mischief (sometimes) by loyalty to him. He has testified at great personal cost to his belief in freedom of speech, and he is one of the few political leaders in the East who are alive to the importance of effective public control of electric power. With no religion to interfere, he would run a good chance of being next President of the United States, but as an unexplained, unmitigated Catholic, he is sure to be defeated. With no

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disloyalty to his Church or affront to his own conscience, Governor Smith can surely make it plain that he is willing to answer any honest and pertinent question about the relation between his religion and his politics. That is the way to lay the ghost of the Catholic menace and to root the prejudice out of the better part of the popular mind. Not until it is as easy to discuss Catholicism as it now is to discuss Methodism will a certain portion of the American people recover from fears of the "Roman menace," and until it does begin to recover, a Catholic's eligibility to the Presidency will remain a rhetorical quantity. To bring about this recovery is a problem in realistic political strategy which cannot safely for Governor Smith's interests be postponed much longer.

Ford's Fortune

THE attempt of the Internal Revenue Bureau to collect additional taxes from Senator Couzens and other minority stockholders in the Ford Motor Company, who sold their holdings to Mr. Ford in 1919, has stimulated renewed interest in the almost magical history of this industrial concern. It is worth while to consider the financial record for a moment, for the sake of the light it throws on modern economic institutions.

In 1903, Henry Ford and eleven others launched the company with a nominal capital stock of $100,000—1,000 shares with a par value of $100 each. Ford and Malcomson, his original partner, put in machinery, contracts and patents for which they received 510 shares, with a par value of $51,000. The Dodge brothers each got fifty shares as payment on account for $10,000 worth of manufacturing which they contracted to do in their machine shop. Mr. Couzens bought twenty-five shares, paying $900 in cash and the remaining $1,600 in notes. Altogether, the investors mustered only $28,000 in cash. No more money was ever put into the concern by investors. No more stock, no bonds, no securities of any kind have been sold by it for the sake of raising capital.

In the twenty-two years of its existence the company has made profits—after paying income and other taxes—of approximately $924,897,000. Its great array of plants has been built up solely by the reinvestment of about $750,000,000 of these profits. In addition, the company has paid out approximately $175,000,000 in cash dividends.

Mr. Ford's personal desire to enlarge the plant out of profits, and to retain control of it, is chiefly responsible for the financial history of the company. There was an agreement that shares could not be sold without first being offered at the same price to existing stockholders. Whenever, in the early days, a share-owner wished to sell, Mr. Ford usually bought him out. In 1916 the company had a cash surplus of $29,000,000, which he planned to put into the River Rouge project. The Dodge brothers objected on the ground that a majority interest had no right to withhold distribution of profits if the minority desired it. They sued and won, and Mr. Ford was forced to divide $19,000,000 among the owners. (Of this he received $12,000,000.) That experience made him resolve to buy out the minority. He threatened to withdraw from the company and start a new business of his own. The threat so disturbed the other stockholders that they were willing to sell. All except Couzens received $12,500 per share—and their shares had been increased nineteen-fold in number by a stock dividend in 1908. By virtue of a price multiplied 125 times, and shares multiplied nineteen times, they came out with 2,375 times as much as they had put in, in cases where they had invested cash at all. Mr. Couzens received $13,444 a share for the 2,180 shares which he had come to own by that time, partly by purchase, but chiefly by the stock dividend of 1,900 percent. His original $900 had grown to $29,308,000 in sixteen years. During that period he had also received more than $5,000,000 in cash dividends.

During the recent tax proceedings, the minority stockholders developed a strong case to prove that Mr. Ford had secured a bargain at these prices. It is certain that the net profits after taxes in 1919 were over $50,000,000, which represents about a 20 percent return on the capital of the company, if all the shares be valued at the same price that Ford paid for the minority holdings. It is certain that this total value—about $250,000,000—is only one-quarter of the amount for which Ford several times refused to sell the company to bankers in subsequent years. On account of this bankers' offer of $1,000,000,000, Mr. Ford, who, with his son and his wife is now the sole owner, is currently accounted a billionaire.

As long as we talk in terms of pyramiding investment, there is little difference, except in the magnitude of the success, between the history of the Ford Company and that of many another industrial concern in the United States. The United States Steel Corporation never sought a dollar of outside investment since its organization in 1901, but has enlarged its plant out of undistributed profits. The General Motors Company has recently been following much the same course. Smaller and less prominent companies often save and reinvest even a larger proportion of their net incomes than these two. If we were able to get at the real sources of the existing industrial equipment in the United States, we should probably find that considerably more than half of it had come from such organic growth rather than from the savings and investments of individuals.

When the experts tried to value the Ford Motor Company or the shares sold by the minority stockholders in 1919, when the bankers offered a billion dollars for the property, they were thinking of

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something quite different from what was in the minds of the economists when they developed the theory of saving, sacrifice, investment, risk, and return. This theory assumes that people will undergo sacrifice of current enjoyment to save money, if they are offered a return for the use of the money in production. It assumes that when people invest their savings without first-class security, undergoing risk as they do in buying ownership of productive property, the risk involved entitles them to an extra large return if it can be earned. The theory socially justifies the return for investment, and the possibly larger return for risk, on the ground that only in this way can people be induced to build up the productive capital necessary for general welfare.

Here is a case where an enormous productive institution has been built up with an absurdly small minimum of sacrifice and risk. When Mr. Ford bought out the minority stockholders, he was not paying them a reward justified by any sacrifice or risk they had undertaken. He was paying them what, under the circumstances, they were able to charge him for their legal share of the control and profits of a concern which had already extinguished munificently any debt society owed them. We say this on the reasonable supposition that all of them would have been glad to risk their original investments if they had known their possible return would be limited to much less than it actually amounted to. When the bankers offered Mr. Ford a billion dollars for his property in the company, they were not doing so for the purpose of investing any additional money in productive equipment. They were doing so for the purpose of reselling the ownership or part of it, at a profit to themselves, to others willing to buy it not only for more than it had cost Mr. Ford, but for more than it would have cost the bankers. The theory of saving, sacrifice and risk might perhaps be applied to such a transaction if one is considering only the motive of the investor. But such "investment" as would have taken place would not have resulted in, or have been justified by, any enlargement of productive equipment. We have just as many, and just as good, Fords and Fordsons in the world today as if Ford had sold out for a billion dollars, and as if hundreds of thousands of investors had been "rewarded" for the sacrifice and risk involved in putting their money into a banker-jobbed recapitalization of the Ford Company. This company stands almost alone among the great industrial concerns of America as having escaped such financial manipulation.

In the case of a concern in as competitive a field as automobiles, the difference between the Ford method and the usual practice of financing may not involve much difference in prices to the consumer. The difference may be that in the latter case the risk of any possible loss is rewarded by a smaller return to the ultimate investor, though it is borne at a higher social cost. In the case of more monopolistic industries—such as steel—the common methods of finance also involve a pressure leading toward the taxation of the consumer for the benefit of the investor, through unnecessarily high prices. It may be that the original owner or owners of a quasi-monopoly, if their holdings had never been recapitalized and sold, would have the temptation to charge equally high prices. But if they did so, the abnormal relationship of their reward to their original sacrifice would be more patent, and they could hardly escape some control in the public interest. When the holdings have been even in part distributed to outsiders at a recapitalization, the feeling that a fair return should be allowed on "investment" protects not only them, but those who have reaped the larger profit by selling out.

All this justifies the asking of a number of searching questions.

Considering the large proportion of productive equipment which has been built up out of corporate profits, and the amount of securities sold merely for the creation of promoters' profits in recapitalization of existing plants, how much less "saving and sacrifice" would have been required on the part of individuals if no investments had been made by them except such as actually paid for new facilities of production?

Or, if all investments made by individuals had actually resulted in a corresponding amount of new capital equipment, how much larger productive facilities should we have than at present?

If investors' possible returns were restricted to amounts no higher than would be necessary to call forth their sacrifice and the risks they undertake, how much less would society have to pay investors for its productive equipment?

If all investments were used for productive equipment, and investors' returns were limited to amounts necessary to call forth their contribution, how much waste would be prevented, how much larger would the national income be, and how much more equally could income be distributed?

These are questions which cannot be answered off-hand, but they indicate that perhaps the present form of capitalism is not the most efficient or the most just which could be practised.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Imperialism Is Easy

In common, I imagine, with large numbers of my fellow countrymen, I had long entertained in a vague way the notion that imperialism is a more or less consciously adopted policy. The idea was not clearly formulated, but at the back of my head was the supposition that nations are imperialistic because they want and choose to be, in view of advantages they think will result. A visit to Mexico, a country in which American imperialism is in the making, knocked that notion out of my head. The descent to this particular Avernus is unusually easy. Given, on one hand, a nation that has capital and technical skill, engineering and financial, to export, plus manufacturers in need of raw material, especially iron and oil, and, on the other hand, an industrially backward country with large natural resources and a government which is either inefficient or unstable, or both, and it does not require intention or desire to involve the first nation in imperialistic policies. Even widespread popular desire to the contrary is no serious obstacle. The natural movement of business enterprise, combined with Anglo-American legalistic notions of contracts and their sanctity, and the international custom which obtains as to the duty of a nation to protect the property of its nationals, suffices to bring about imperialistic undertakings.

Imperialism is a result, not a purpose or plan. It can be prevented only by regulating the conditions out of which it proceeds. And one of the things which most stands in the way of taking regulatory measures is precisely the consciousness on the part of the public that it is innocent of imperialistic desires. It feels aggrieved when it is accused of any such purpose, then resentful, and is confusedly hurried into dangerous antagonisms, before it perceives what is happening. The charge of imperialistic desires sounds strange to the group of men who have created the situation in which they appeal to their home country for intervention. All they want, as they indignantly assert, is protection of life and property. If their own government cannot afford that protection, what is it good for anyway?

In Mexico, and presumably in other Latin-American states, conditions are exacerbated by the extended meaning which has been given the Monroe Doctrine. In this widened meaning it has become one of the chief causes of the growing imperialism of the United States. Investors and concession holders from European countries are estopped from appealing to their own countries for intervention to give them protection. Pressure is consequently brought to bear upon the United States. Unless we act, we are a dog in a manger. We won't do anything ourselves, and we won't let anybody else do anything. Thus the United States has become a kind of trustee for the business interests of other countries. As one consequence, the animosity which might otherwise be distributed among a number of countries is consolidated, and then directed at the United States. About the most promising thing which could happen would be for our people to realize, with vividness, the Spanish-American view of the Monroe Doctrine. We still, for the most part, pat ourselves upon the back complacently for upholding it. We think of it as a benevolent measure for which all Central and South America is, or should be, grateful to us. We do not take into account the change of conditions in these states; their growth in power and national consciousness, which makes them resent being treated as infants under our tutelage. We are not aware of the change in conditions brought about by our development into a nation possessed of enormous capital seeking investment, a fact which makes the countries to the south much more afraid of us than they are of Europe. In consequence, the sacred doctrine has become entangled with all the forces which plunge us into imperialistic dangers.

The average citizen of the United States has little knowledge of the extent of American business and financial interests in Mexico. It does not occur to him that, from the standpoint of intelligent Mexicans, that country is, or was, in great danger of becoming an economic dependency of this country. As things went under the Diaz régime, the Mexicans might have awakened some morning and found their natural resources, agricultural and grazing lands, mines and oil wells, mainly in the hands of foreigners, largely Americans, and managed for the profit of investors from foreign countries. I well remember how one indignant legal representative of American business concessionaires contrasted the present régime with that of Diaz. He said: "Diaz had a standing order that any complaint from any American citizen was to be settled the same day it was made." This was his naïve tribute to the Diaz administration. In contrast with it, the Calles régime naturally appears to Americans with investments as something unspeakable.

I would not say that it gives no cause for legal complaint; I would not say that it does not afford many an occasion for protest. From the Mexican standpoint, the government is fighting for control of its own country, as much as if it were at war, and too scrupulous a regard for legal technicalities might mean defeat. An unusually frank Mexican ex-official said to an American business man: "Of course, we have to handicap you by legislation and administration in every way we can. You are much abler and more experienced in business than we are; if we don't even up some other way, you will soon own the whole country." Such things indicate the ease with which the relations of an industrially advanced and a backward country ultimately drift into

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situations where the vested legal rights which have grown up are confronted by a vigorous national sentiment, and can hardly be maintained without appeal for governmental intervention.

The ease with which imperialism follows economic exploitation is indicated by the almost unanimous sentiment of Americans resident in Mexico, including those who do not own concessions and who are not directly affected by the new laws. They would deny, and as far as their conscious intent is concerned, deny sincerely, for the most part, any imperialistic taint. What they want is simply "protection" for American rights. Judging from conversations, the objects of their dislike stand in about the following order: in the first rank, they are irritated with Americans having no business interests, who come down there for a few weeks, talk with plausible Mexicans, and, with the usual prejudice against "Wall Street," go away more or less pro-Mexican. Locally, such visitors would be gladly consigned to a lethal chamber. They are said to be completely ignorant, and yet they assume to know more about the right relations between Mexico and the United States than "we do who have lived here many years, and know the facts about the persecution of Americans and the disregard for their rights." President Wilson was not one of this class, but he succeeded in winning the equal dislike of American residents and of Mexicans, of the latter by his action, and of the former by his talk against concessonaires, a talk which "encouraged Mexican Bolshevism."

Next in order comes irritation with the American State Department, based on the fact that while "it is always writing notes, it never does anything." There is little doubt on the Mexican side of the line as to what "doing something" means. Superpatriots, on this side, may suppose that it signifies a show of force such as has taken place in Nicaragua. On the spot, they know that it means not only war and continued guerrilla strife, but taking control of the government, and managing Mexican affairs for a number of years. To be sure, there is the usual pious talk, also quite sincere as far as the consciousness of many Americans is concerned. We should, of course, set up a model of administration, multiply schools, and after we had shown the Mexicans how a state should be managed, should turn it over to them, in good running order. It is not difficult for the American who has been expatriated for a number of years to idealize the honesty and efficiency of our own government, in contrast with the corruption, inefficiency and, above all, instability, which have obtained in Mexico. The favorite idea, which is even shared, it is rumored, in diplomatic quarters, is that Great Britain and the United States shall unite in this benevolent undertaking. Was this in Mr. Hearst's mind when he made his recent touching appeal for closer coöperation between this country and Great Britain?

An American oil man, who knows his Mexico well, one of the adventurous type which is personally more attractive than the smug legalistic, told us that they did not ask for the support of the State Department; all they wanted was to be let alone. He said, as an indication of how well they could take care of themselves, that at one time all was in readiness for three independent states in Mexico, one including Vera Cruz, another Tampico, and a third the lands in the north, next to the American border, where immigrants from this side had settled. At Tampico, he said, 2,000 American workmen, engaged in the oil industry, were furnished with rifles. There was perhaps some romantic exaggeration in the tale, but there was also a residuum of fact. Of course, these revolutions were not to be undertaken by Americans, but by dissatisfied Mexicans. Unfortunately, the State Department said No.

Third in the order of dislike, as far as talk goes, comes the Calles government.

Below this state of mind, instances of which might be given indefinitely, is the conflict between Anglo-American institutional psychology, especially with reference to charters, contracts and other legal points, and the Spanish-Latin temper. The two mix no better than oil and water, and unfortunately there is no great disposition to discover and use any emulgents. As usually happens with small colonies in a foreign country, the native "Anglo-Saxon" psychology stiffens up, instead of relaxing. The years of civil war, of chaos and destruction, which Mexico has gone through, make it easy for outsiders to maintain an attitude of superiority and aloofness. The supposed principle of international law by which it is the duty, rather than simply the right, of a nation to come to the protection of the rights of its nationals when they are disregarded, makes the conflict of interests and of traditions a serious menace to peace. Our constitutional system is an additional source of danger. Congress must be consulted before war can be declared. But the President is the Commander of the Army and Navy, and it is only too easy to create a situation after which the cry "stand by the President," and then "stand by the country," is overwhelming.

Public opinion has spoken with unusual force and promptitude against interference in Mexico. But the causes of the difficulty, the underlying forces which make for imperialistic ventures, are enduring. They will outlast peaceful escape from the present crisis, supposing we do escape. Public sentiment, to be permanently effective, must do more than protest. It must find expression in a permanent change of our habits. For at present, both economic conditions and political arrangements and traditions combine to make imperialism easy. How many American citizens are ready for an official restatement of the Monroe Doctrine? How many are willing to commit the country officially to the statement that American citizens who invest in backward foreign countries do so at their own risk?

JOHN DEWEY.

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Voodoo

THERE are a great many people who will tell you that Voodoo or snake-worship among American Negroes has ceased to exist. This is not true, for within the last year I have been an eye-witness at a secret Voodoo ceremony.

For more than ten years I have attempted to see one of these meetings—the heritage of black Africa and the West Indies. And in New Orleans, among the Creole Negroes, this magic has become entwined with a sort of perverted Catholicism, like the Black Mass.

For the last ten years, then, I have tried to see this thing for myself and have always failed. But now I have seen it. And it came about like this:

For a long time I have known Robert, a full-blooded Congo black man. He is very ignorant, very superstitious. At one time he worked for people who were my friends. But Robert was sent away because he upset all the other servants with his charms and spells.

Not long ago, returning to New Orleans after an absence, I met Robert and talked with him. I led up to the subject so near my heart. I told him of my troubled love-life, of my rival who had stolen a woman from me. I wanted to do away with him, but I was afraid. I urged him to find me a *cunjer* to do this favor for me. After a long time he promised. He knew a woman, he said, who could do anything. She could destroy my rival, and even make me "King of the World" if I liked. It would cost me ten dollars and "expenses." I must swear I would not tell the police, nor make a complaint no matter what harm befell me; I must promise to tell no one where I was going. This arranged, he promised to meet me that night.

We met at the intersection of Claiborne and Esplanade Avenues, a few squares beyond the border of the Vieux Carré—a hybrid section in which there are decaying mansions with gardens, small Creole cottages set flush with the banquette, or sidewalk, and occasionally an old house converted to business purposes, harboring many families on the floors above. Both streets are wide and lined with trees; it was quite dark, for the arc lights at the corners lighted but dimly the intervening stretches.

Robert came out of the shadows without a word and motioned me to follow him. It was close on midnight and the streets were deserted. Somewhere in the distance I heard a policeman drop his wooden club upon the pavement—a signal that all is well and that he is on guard, one of the old city customs which has survived until now. We had not gone far along a side street when Robert stopped before a gate in a wall. It opened to his touch, and we found ourselves in an alley, narrow and dark, but open to the sky; the alley opened presently into a courtyard which we traversed, and another gate was opened—a gate which led into some inner court, long and narrow and overhung by a balcony. It was evident that this court adjoined the slave-quarters of the house, which fronted on another street. There was, even in the darkness, an air of dilapidation about the place, and I thought the house to be untenanted. There were several tight-shut batten doors along the wall of the house, and upon one of these Robert tapped lighly. Almost instantly it was opened, and a dim light shone through the chink. A whispered consultation, and we were admitted.

The room was small, and upon the walls there were shelves bored with holes for holding bottles—the old wine-room of the house. An oil lamp was burning, the wick turned low; by its light I could see a dozen or more bottles on one of the shelves, dark and new-looking against the dusty walls.

A woman and a man stood there. She was a light mulatto of about twenty-five years of age, the man was a very black Negro of middle age. The girl would have been pretty had it not been for the deep smallpox scars on her face; she wore a guinea-blue wrapper and was barefoot—a white cloth was tied around her head. The man was a burly fellow, barefoot and wearing only a pair of overalls which left his shoulders and chest bare; his face was mask-like and his eyes half-closed. He stood behind the girl, regarding me narrowly.

After a pause the girl said: "Mamma Phemie's ready for de w'ite man now."

Robert took my overcoat and hat and put them upon the shelves with the wine bottles. The girl opened the door in the wall behind her and led the way into the other room.

It was so dark that at first I could see little. A fire was burning in the large open fireplace, and one candle set in a glass of water on the mantel gave a dim light which seemed dissipated before it reached the dark ceiling or the flagstones of the floor. A pot hung on a crane over the smouldering fire; there was a pleasant smell of gumbo in the air, mixed with the musty smell of unused rooms, and the sharp salty smell of unwashed Negroes.

In the shadow beside the fireplace an old woman sat huddled on the floor: her head was covered with a white tignon, and she wore a wrapper of red calico. Beside her, a small tablecloth was spread on the floor; the candlelight fell across it, and I could see that it was stiff and clean; there were still creases in the cloth from ironing. Upon the cloth were two plates, one containing meat and bread, the other banked high with oranges and

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bananas. Three bottles of wine stood at regular intervals: one in the centre and the others at diagonal corners of the cloth. Three black candles, unlighted as yet, stood in glasses half-filled with water. A ladle and several spoons were piled together at one side.

Figures were discernible in the gloom, shapeless shadows sitting against the walls. Here and there one seemed stretched out as though sleeping. The room was very warm.

I went forward with Robert and the big Negro beside me, the mulatto girl walking a little ahead. The room—it seemed to me—was filled with tension, nervousness. For some reason I counted my paces; there were ten between the door and the fireplace where the old woman crouched.

As we came close she raised her head and looked at me; a strange, fat face, full of fine lines like crazed china; one eyebrow was higher than the other—a lax, lewd mouth. But there was dignity there, too, and when she spoke her voice was full and husky.

"W'at yo' doin' heah, w'ite man?"

I repeated again the story I had told Robert, of my rival, "a handsome fellow with dark hair who had stolen my woman from me." I wanted him put out of my path. She nodded slowly, reached up and took my hands, drawing me down beside her. There we squatted, eye to eye and toe to toe. Finally she let my hands drop and hung her head upon her breast again. I drew the ten-dollar bill from my pocket and handed it to her. She took it carelessly, without looking at it, and tucked it under the edge of the tablecloth beside her.

"Is yo' Cat'lic?" she asked finally.

I answered that I was not a member of any church. She seemed to brood. Finally she muttered something that I could not understand. Robert touched my shoulder and I was led from the room. My clothes, it seemed, were not "right." Things were crossed and buttoned; I wore black shoes and hose. These must be removed before she could "work."

Determined to see the thing through, I submitted, stripping down to underwear. A faded cotton bathrobe was given me and I put it on. Then I was led back to the old woman again—the flagstones gritty and cold under my bare feet.

In my absence, someone had lighted the three black candles, and now the room was fairly illuminated. In the glow I could see perhaps twelve men and women sitting or lying along the walls. I sat down before the old woman, who put her hands upon my head, and with closed eyes began to moan. . . .

"Sperrit comin' on 'er . . . " I heard someone say. But the old woman seemed distressed and worried. She moaned feebly, and her hands closed tight around my head.

"Dere's somethin' wrong, w'ite man," she said at last in her ordinary voice. "Pichotee say so . . . "

Again her eyes closed and her body became tense. She began to twitch and shake. A low humming came from the Negroes along the walls, led by the mulatto girl, who now stood just within my range of vision, leaning against the wall, arms folded under her depending breasts.

"Hit's all jumble' and mess' up . . . " the old woman said at last. "T'ings is tied up in knots."

The big Negro came forward, somewhat aggressively, and opened my robe and began examining my underwear. Somewhere at the back of the belt he discovered a knotted tape. Again I was led from the room, and the underwear taken from me. Now I had only the thin cotton robe.

This time all was well. Immediately the old woman began to twitch and shake. The hand that held mine grew damp with sweat. Her eyes closed, her head fell back, and she began speaking in a high nasal voice: "I see 'im!" And the Negroes along the walls began to hum afresh:

"Um . . . m . . . um-um . . . oom . . . "

"I see 'im! I see 'im!" Mamma Phemie repeated, and then went on to recount some long story of a man standing in my way. He hated me. He would kill me if he had the chance. He might kill me, anyway. I was in constant danger. But she could "fix all dat." Oh, yes. She could "work t'ings to fix 'im instead." It was very lucky for me that I had come to her in time.

In the silence of the room, the thing had an air of reality that was amazing. For a moment I forgot that I had invented this rival, and I seemed to see him standing over me, a threatening and baleful figure.

"Plenty, plenty wine!" shouted old Phemie suddenly. There was a stir in the room. The mulatto girl picked up a bottle and held it to the woman's lips. She swallowed some of it, then filling her mouth with the rest, spit it out over the big Negro, the mulatto girl and myself. We were covered with it. Much of the remaining wine dripped down the old woman's chin, staining the white fichu she wore around her shoulders.

Then her voice began mumbling again: "W'at yo' willin' to do to git rid of 'im?" she asked finally. "Anything," I said. Then: "W'at yo' willin' to do fo' dese people who is helpin' yo'?" She indicated the Negroes in the room. I was puzzled until Robert whispered into my ear that I might buy some additional wine for them. I agreed to this, and sent him to get what money was left in my clothes in the other room. He brought a five-dollar bill back and gave it to the big Negro, who left the room at once. The wailing along the walls began again. Now and again I could hear the snapping of fingers.

Now the pock-marked mulatto girl came forward with a shapeless piece of black wax in one thin hand. The old woman took it and began kneading

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it between her fingers. Presently it assumed the crude shape of a human figure.

In her mumbled song I could distinguish a few words now and then: "Drop of w'ite man's blood . . . blood . . . " My blood, I now came to understand, must animate the image. The big Negro had returned and came forward with a steel knife. This was more than I had bargained for and I demurred. But Robert snarled into my ear: "Yo' gotta! Yo' gotta! Else she can't do nothin'!" So I took the knife, held it first in the candle flame and then pricked my forearm. A drop of blood oozed out. A sort of shout went up from those in the background: "O-ou-ou!"

Old Phemie took the knife from me and penetrated the breast of the waxen figure; the image was then pressed against my arm, and the blood shone moist against the black wax.

"Oh, guilty, guilty my mind is . . .
Oh, take away de stain . . . "

Along the walls the humming was changing into words. This was a familiar chant called "The moan after the prayer," often heard in Negro churches as the preacher begins his sermon. Feet were patting on the flagstones, and from a dark corner there came suddenly the soft throbbing of a drum, a definite rhythm:

"Zoom-zoom . . . zoom . . . zoom . . .
Zoom-zoom . . . zoom . . . zoom . . . "

The effect was hypnotic. The humming became louder, more pronounced, but wordless again.

The old woman was still rubbing the black waxen image between her pink palms. A bottle was being passed from hand to hand among those who sat along the walls.

Finally the figure seemed fashioned to the old woman's liking, and she turned and laid it upon the hearth, near the embers and near the simmering pot. The drum-beat changed and grew faster:

"Zoom . . . zoom-zoom . . . zoom . . .
Zoom . . . zoom-zoom . . . zoom . . . "

As the heat of the fire began melting the wax a louder cry came from the assembly: "Aie! Aie! Aie!" Rising and dying away, rising again. And always the drum as an undercurrent of rhythm.

Only a pool of melting wax remained. The old woman began to pray: "Mary, Jesus, Joseph . . . " on through the Act of Contrition of the Catholic Manual. Then stopping she cried aloud, sharply: "Maron!"

Immediately the cry was taken up by the others: "Maron!" It was repeated over and over. The big Negro came forward carrying with him a tawdry statue of St. Anthony, such as is found in any store selling religious articles. He placed it upon the tablecloth beside the old woman.

"Done set de table, Saint Maron . . . now what yo' goin' to do?" And instantly the phrase was repeated in chorus by the others:

"W'at yo' goin' to do? Oh, w'at yo' goin' to do?
Oh, Maron, oh, Saint Maron,
W'at yo' goin' to do?"

There was no response from the sad-faced saint. The old woman began to scream. She hoisted herself to her feet, aided by the mulatto girl: "Yo' answer me, Maron! What yo' goin' to do?"

She stamped her foot. She spat upon the image. And the wailing from the others rose high and clear.

Mamma Phemie was working herself into a frenzy. She shouted curses, filth, at the statue. She spat wine over its plaster head. Then she flung herself to the floor, beating the flagstones with her fists.

She rose again, saliva dripping from her mouth, staggered, shrieked and fell to the floor. The Negroes rose and swarmed around her, clutching her head, her arms, her legs and feet. She struggled, fought. Her clothes were ripped half from her fat body. She moaned and her eyes crossed. She quivered and ground her teeth together. She frothed at the mouth. Her limbs grew tense. Her heels beat a tattoo on the floor.

It was an epileptic fit, but the Negroes cried out in joy: "She done possess! She done got 'er way! Saint Maron done answer 'er!"

The spasm reached its climax. The old woman's tongue, clenched between her teeth, was bloody.

The mulatto girl was sprinkling salt over her. Other Negroes dipped their fingers into the salt and then put their fingers into their mouths, keeping their hold upon the old woman all the time.

"De sperrit done come strong on 'er!" cried the big Negro in a sort of ecstasy. The thin mulatto girl was crying hysterically: "Oh, I jus' can't stand it!" over and over.

The old woman was relaxed now and lay upon her back, her red wrapper pulled above her knees. The floor around her was wet. A stench of latrines filled the room.

The crowd is on its feet now, gathered together in the candle light. One emaciated griffe—a light yellow girl—wore only a skirt and a white waist, now open to the waist. Several of the men wore only trousers. All the women had scarves or handkerchiefs tied around their heads. One of the men had a bandanna handkerchief tied around his neck, but was naked otherwise except for ragged trousers. All were barefoot. As they moved about, several of them staggered uncertainly. One black woman's nostrils were working spasmodically, as though from cocaine.

The big Negro and the mulatto girl that I had seen first now took command. They handed me things that had been prepared for me: a small bag containing ashes, hairs from a white horse's tail, salt and pepper and some crushed dried leaves; a box containing pecans which had been drilled with holes and in which feathers had been inserted; a bundle of feathers, wound around with dried grass.

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In a whisper I was instructed to throw all of these, one at a time, into the path of my rival. The feather bouquet was to be placed, if possible, in his pillow; the pecans, upon his threshold. When next he left me, I was to throw a pinch of salt after him—then he would never return. An orange from the "table" was given me. This was for me to eat at my convenience, to make me "strong." It could not fail me now, for Saint Maron had blessed it. Had I not seen this miracle?

I withdrew to a corner beside the fireplace and the mulatto girl removed the cover from the simmering pot which hung over the fire. She began to ladle out the gumbo into bowls handed her by the others. With her large spoon she stirred the pot, and lifted out a snake which had been cooked along with the gumbo. Then she let it fall back into the pot again.

The first bowl was offered to me. I made a gesture of refusal. Robert, at my elbow, urged me to take it: "Tek it! Tas'e it! It ain't goin' to hu't yo'!" To prove his point, he began to drink from his bowl with relish. All the others stood watching me as I mustered all my force of will and put the bowl to my lips. My gorge rose, but I managed to swallow a little. They were satisfied. A black woman took the bowl from me and began to imbibe noisily.

"W'ite man all right," said the big Negro, looking at me for the first time without suspicion. Gagging, I slumped down upon the floor again beside the fireplace. Between the legs of the Negroes I could see Mamma Phémie, who was moaning feebly now and trying to rise. A bowl of hot gumbo was given her, and she gulped it down. Almost at once she was on her feet again, in command of the situation.

It was time for the dancing. Men were already handling the women, rubbing against them. In the corner the drum was throbbing restlessly. Bottles of wine were passed around. Men and women gurgled as they drank.

Mamma Phemie was shaking her breasts in rhythm with the drum. The circle formed around her, the men and women standing alone, shaking slowly in time with the drum-beats. Hardly moving. A shoulder, a knee twisting. Black and yellow faces were blear-eyed. Sweat shone on black flesh.

"Zoom . . . zoom . . . zoom-zoom . . .
Zoom . . . zoom . . . zoom-zoom . . . "

Now come the "animal motions" that I had heard of. A man fell on his knees; in imitation of a rabbit he munched grass, rubbed his face with both hands at once, shook that part of his anatomy which represented the rabbit's tail. Then he rose and resumed his swaying. A woman followed, imitating a cat in the act of licking itself . . .

And all the rest swaying, twitching with the drum-beats.

"Zoom . . . zoom . . . zoom-zoom-zoom-zoom
Zoom . . . zoom . . . zoom-zoom-zoom-zoom."

A new rhythm. Hips are shaking now. Men and women tip bottles to their lips as they sway. The emaciated yellow girl tears off her waist with a shrill scream. A man throws himself upon her and bites her breast. The big Negro pulls him away and throws him to one side. There is blood on the girl's breast, but she continues to swing her body, uttering now and then a thin, high cry. Another man clutches her. She claws his face.

Old Phemie, eyes glazed, standing alone in the centre of the group, screams aloud: "Zombi!"

The dance stops. The drum breaks off short. Men and women fall face down on the floor, lying prostrate, moaning: "Zombi! Zombi!"

And then, after a pause, the drum begins again as before. The dancers rise and begin to sway again. A woman fills her mouth with wine and spews it out into the face and over the shoulders of the man beside her. Others follow her example. Wine is sprayed on all. Black lips drip with it. Old Phemie, twirling slowly, spurts out wine impartially.

"Zoom-zoom . . . zoom-zoom . . . zoom-zoom . . .
Zoom-zoom . . . zoom-zoom . . . zoom-zoom . . . "

Men and women are like animals now. There are screams and shouts. Men bite. Women scratch. The big Negro, quite naked now, catches the thin mulatto girl around the waist and bears her down across the tablecloth, upsetting the candles. The room is almost totally dark. Only the flickering firelight remains.

A woman is picked up and hurled half-way across the room, falling limply upon the flagstones.

Other bodies, seemingly animated with some fiendish force, crash against me in the dark. Wine is poured upon me. I am tripped, flung to the floor, whether by accident or design I cannot tell.

Robert, almost naked, is beside me, but he knows me no longer. His body is taut. He is jerking about spasmodically, alone, attaining some artificial Nirvana of his own. He shrieks: "Aie! Aie!"

I crawl on my hands and knees along the wall toward the door. A bottle comes crashing against the wall just over my head. Just in time I find the latch, push open the door and pass through.

The wine-room is as I saw it first. My clothes lie in a tumbled heap. I drag them on as a madman would, ignoring buttons, breaking shoestrings.

The door opens and a strange Negro man lurches drunkenly toward me: "Whar yo' goin'?"

"Out! I'm going out!" I answer. "Get out of the way."

Robert comes staggering out after him: "Is yo' all right?" he asks, slobbering as he speaks. I motion for them to let me pass, and they do so. Outside in the dark court there are huddled figures, the guards. Someone takes me by the arm. I am led down an alley, a gate is opened and I am pushed through.

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Horribly sick, I make for the curb and lean against a post. From here I can hear nothing of the din from the dancers behind the tight-shut battens of that inner courtyard. . . . Finally the spasm of nausea passes and I stagger along the dim streets, back toward a sane world which tells me that Voodoo no longer exists—if it ever existed!

The sky, back of the closely shuttered houses toward the east, is beginning to turn gray.

LYLE SAXON.

Washington Notes

I HATE to keep harping on the New York newspapers. Yet it does seem to me incredible that anyone with an unclouded intellect, more mature than that of a twelve-year-old child, should take seriously the pontifical political pronouncements that appear with consistent regularity in their editorial columns. I except the New York World, whose custom is to speak plainly, and in which there is a minimum of bunk and cant, and a maximum of understanding, but for the rest, the partisan twaddle and personal bias of the controlling financial influence is so obnoxiously obvious as to make one wonder what sort of readers these great journals have, that there is not a greater revolt. It is, as a matter of fact, one of the most depressing of present-day political signs that newspapers, so completely and subserviently partisan and so patently and servilely addicted to flattery of those in high place, should achieve such astounding prosperity and such wide circulation. If it were only New York where these journals wielded their influence, it would not so much matter, because there are other influences in New York that can always be counted upon to offset the journalistic white lead, and New Yorkers better understand the type and character of their newspaper ownership. But the great New York newspapers, like the great New York banks, are nationwide in their touch, and mold opinion, not only in their own state, but in every other. It is not that New York newspapers have any mass circulation outside of New York state; but they have a select circulation that is almost as effective.

In every newspaper office, in every city and town of more than 25,000 population, the New York papers are regularly received and read. Every editorial writer in every outside city pores over them, is influenced by them, consciously or unconsciously, gets most of his editorial ideas from them, has his thoughts and writings flavored by them. There is, besides, the extraordinary growth in the last ten years of the syndicate business by which the New York newspapers sell their news dispatches, including those from Washington, all over the country. There is hardly a prosperous paper in any city that does not subscribe to some New York newspaper service; which means that whatever propaganda the Washington bureaus of these New York papers absorb, is spread, not only in New York, but clear to the coast. It is, when you come to think it over, literally amazing—the way in which the New York press has reached out to cover the country, to influence smaller papers everywhere, to supply them with ideas, pictures, news. The parallel with the New York banks is not in the least far-fetched. It is, of course, evidence of enterprise and efficiency, and it would be possible to look on this development more complacently if the product peddled by these papers were of a higher character. I commend to Senator Norris or Senator Borah as a theme for a speech, some day, the ease with which the whole press of the country can be propagandized through a combination of New York newspaper owners and one or two syndicate writers.

To get back to the subject of editorials, from which I have wandered far afield: what I started out to comment on were the noble utterances of the valorous New York Herald-Tribune, immediately following the adjournment of the short session of Congress, on the subject of the very stupid filibuster of the funereal Mr. Reed of Pennsylvania, by which were hashed the Deficiency Appropriation bill, the Alien Property bill and other important measures in which vital public and private interests were involved. Inasmuch as the Reed filibuster was primarily designed to stop a Democratic probe into Republican election corruption, it was, of course, natural to expect the Herald-Tribune to defend it. I was not, therefore, surprised to read its editorial commending this small-minded Mellon Senator as a courageous and high-souled statesman who had but done his duty. That was running true to form. I must, however, confess some astonishment at the editorial eulogy of Senator Cole Blease which led the Herald-Tribune page the day after the Reed eulogy. The basis for the Blease commendation was that he had left his Democratic colleagues, and stood with the Pennsylvania Reed and George Moses, to block the effort to get at the bottom of the charges of election corruption. They really made quite a noble fellow out of Cole, which, it did seem to me, was going a little far—even for the Herald-Tribune. Of course, the editorial writer who penned that Blease eulogy did not take it seriously. For that matter he probably did not take the Reed eulogy seriously, either. That sort of stuff is taken seriously by the owners of the newspapers and by a small percentage of their moronic readers, not by their editors. Newspaper editors are invariably far more intelligent and less susceptible to bunk than newspaper owners, just as reporters as a rule are much keener in mind, clearer of comprehension and better informed than editors.

For instance, take certain recent editorial comments on Mr. Coolidge in the New York Times. Immediately after the veto of the McNary-Haugen bill, the Times, utterly ignoring the plain facts of the situation, went into almost hysteric praise of the alleged courage of the Coolidge act, declaring that the people of the United States ought to thank God for such a President, and almost renominating him in 1932 as well as 1928. It was really ridiculous. And then, a few days after this absurd panegyric of Mr. Coolidge, so wedged in by Mellon, Hoover, Jardine, Morrow, and his press support that he could not have avoided vetoing the bill even had he desired to, the Times had an editorial in which it touched lightly on the fact that Mr. Dawes had been "mentioned" in connection with the Presidency. It then proceeded to explain that this "mentioning" of men for the Presidency was a quaint American custom, but that, in the long run, it was

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not the habit of the American people to promote a man to the Presidency unless there was some relation between his ambition and his character, ability and experience. The plain intimation was that all our Presidents, but particularly this President, had been men of character, ability and experience, and that therefore the "mention" of Mr. Dawes—and Mr. Reed of Missouri—must not be taken too seriously. It is just good-natured chaff. Now it is hard for me to believe that there is any editorial writer on the New York Times politically befuddled enough to write that sort of stuff without either laughing at it, or being sore with himself because he has to write it.

Just before they left Washington, the Democrats in the Senate put the capstone on their record for asininity and incompetence. After the adjournment, a conference was held as a result of which a solemn announcement was made that it had been agreed that the prohibition issue should be avoided in 1928. There was, it was explained, such a wide divergence of opinion on the subject that it would be better to have no discussion of it at all, and that in its platform the party should take no stand. In other words, on the only really live issue of the day, the Democratic party is to pussy-foot, straddle and dodge. My information is that this brilliant idea was not original with the Senate Democrats themselves. They did not think it out unaided. Not at all. It was handed to them by one of that small group of New York gentlemen who, by virtue of the fact that they contribute more liberally to Democratic campaigns than anyone else, consider the party more or less their personal property. When they give advice, the disposition of the Senate Democrats, not a few of whom have solicited and received from them contributions in their state campaigns, is to take it. Almost invariably, it is rotten advice.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Listening In

THE radio is extraordinary because it is one form of domestic entertainment which from the beginning has been inexpensive. The "hair-pin and cat's-whiskers" receiving set preceded the period cabinet, and not only in the sense that the simple often precedes the complex. The early sets were cheap as the early phonograph or the private movie machine never were. As a result, radio is generally ranked as a vulgar entertainment; there has never been any chic in owning one.

This must account to a degree for the quality of radio programs. The new form of communication was instantly recognized as a universal one and the right name was found for it in broadcasting. But the progress of the technique has added selectivity—it is the quality which all good radio sets claim, since almost any set can receive and give volume. Selectivity implies that the radio audience, aware of the crowded air, has the capacity to choose what it wants to hear. The result of this is that among the Cough Drop Duos and Toothpaste Trios, you can hear the Boston Symphony (through the courtesy of a commercial house not concerned with music) or a lecture on dementia præcox. What is universal, in the radio, does not have to be uniform; all things are possible, but not all things are expedient or necessary, and nothing is compulsory.

It is this characteristic of the radio which makes it hard to understand why people sneer at it. The fatuities which come over the air are unbelievable; but so far no one has discovered any legal restraint on turning the dial to another wave-length. The radio is another piece of impedimenta; it is a machine and exerts the pressure of all machines, making man use it for all it's worth. But it is also an instrument, and we can hardly despise the instrument because we do not know to what good use to put it.

Within the space of one generation, the air has been made the medium of two "modern" activities: getting people more rapidly from place to place, and spreading information. Convinced that movement is not the essence of civilization, the anti-modernist despises the aeroplane; in a hundred years he may write of it as Waldo Frank writes of the motor car, as a threat to that serene continuity of existence from which spiritual life may come into being, as a form of escape by flight. The menace of the radio is a thousand times greater. It turns to propaganda as easily as the aeroplane turns to bombing; it sows its seeds with a wider throw. If you are afraid of it, it is deadly.

I find, myself, that the radio air entertains and irritates and oppresses me almost equally. The persuasiveness of doctrine as it comes from the loud speaker is even greater than in a face to face conversation. Recently I heard a sermon ostensibly on the Ten Commandments, in the course of which (I tuned in too suddenly to know with what commandment the speaker was concerned), I heard the statement that 90 percent of all the bootleggers in America had unpronounceable names; they were foreigners come to disrupt the laws of this country; they ought to go back where they came from. Finding these sentiments repugnant, I cut them off; but something like a ghostly voice continued. I felt, for the rest of an afternoon, that those words were going on, filling space, making themselves malevolently effective. I have listened for moments to attacks on Jews, Catholics, and Protestants; and to propaganda for smiling when everything goes dead wrong. Merely knowing that these things exist is disconcerting.

A great part of the broadcasting is intellectually subtabloid. It escapes entirely the exploitation of sex, except for a rare, slightly shady joke or stanza of a song; but it goes in for the domestic pages of the tabloids, the advice on manners and morals, the witty sayings of little children, the prizes for last words in limericks, the optimistic uplift. These are the permanent features, and have nothing to do with speeches, from Calvin Coolidge to Joseph Wood Krutch on the censorship, which take the air as news events. I think of little lectures on interior decoration delivered in "Thoid Avenue" English, of Mother Stoner and her "cheerio," of Uncle Geegee and the rest. They go on and, presumably, they are popular. They are engaged either by the station (if they are merely permitted to use the station without salary, it amounts to the same thing) or as indirect advertising for the enterprise which hires the air for the quarter-hour; and the newspaper critics of programs and the radio fans who write in, express the only sentiment on which their continued appearance can be based.

The platitudinists and the propagandists may make the

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air unclean; they are, however, the price which has to be paid for the freedom of the air. It is that freedom which makes the air so mysterious. I have tried again and again to make myself a picture of the air at one of those moments when every tiny turn of the dial brings something new to the loud-speaker. It hardly seems possible that so many things could be of interest, that so many people would be trying to sell or persuade or exploit. Maxwell House Coffee presents old southern melodies; Mrs. Augusta Stetson talks about God-de; Collier's Weekly transposes its forthcoming issue into music and drama; the political situation is summarized by Frederick William Wile; dinner music is broadcast direct from Jansen's Midtown Hofbrau House; Aimee MacPherson wishes that she could tell you how lovely Jesus has been to her; specialists speak on recondite subjects which suggest that they have collaborated with Robert Benchley; a lesson in Spanish from the municipality's own station; a plea for Jews to speak Hebrew; how to take care of an Airedale; Al Smith addresses newsboys and can't remember what year this is—waves, voices, personalities crowd each other, interfere with each other; a faint hum of jazz accompanies a Catholic priest; a prize-fight cuts into Bach; as you rapidly turn the dial from one end of the gauge to the other, you hear grunts and shrieks and the wild whistle of static. It is everything that America is interested in; it is America.

And, since America is supposed to be jazz, jazz comes out very well. It is, in the first place, the most reliable thing on the air. There are always two or three good bands playing, and the better the band, the less oily the announcer, the less jocose. Jazz music, perhaps because the lowest bass notes are not so important, comes over better than symphonic, where it requires the most delicate adjustment to get the whole range from bull-fiddle to piccolo. Radio stations are nearly unanimous in saying that they never get requests for more jazz, and frequently for less; what is wanted is "classical music," which turns out to be popular overtures, intermission pieces from the repertory of the vanished theatre orchestras, and By the Waters of Minnetonka. The jazz programs themselves are extremely monotonous, because it is incumbent on each band to play In a Little Spanish Town, High High High Up in the Hills, Do Do Do, and Blue Skies. The last is a success, and a very pretty one, by Irving Berlin, who at the beginning of February wrote another song, What Does It Matter? and presented it to the radio with a rather spectacular flourish; it was composed, sung instantly over the telephone from Palm Beach to New York, and broadcast within thirty-six hours of its composition. Yet the verdict of the radio was against it; I have not heard it since its first week; the jazz players for the radio are remorselessly under the obligation to their listeners to play the most popular tunes, and to play them every day. It sounds implausible, but each day you can hear an announcer say that he has received requests from half a dozen people (whom he names with addresses) for the songs I have noted above, each one of which is heard at least twenty times a night from various stations.

That also is one of the irritations of the radio. One dreams of an ideal station always broadcasting what one wants to hear; one wants to be a little stultified. Because, when you hear errors and indignities over the radio, you are appalled by your sense of helplessness. It is unanswerable. One of the most common forms of humor is to answer back with a smart remark; it is infrequently funny, but it discloses a natural and necessary state of mind. The voice comes and says what it wants; and except in the broadcasting of a debate, you feel that no answer can be made. For who can assume that the same people will listen tomorrow to an answer? The audience is anonymous, undetermined. It seems to slip away.

Comparing notes with others who have broadcast only once or twice I find that this feeling of the invisible audience is quite common. The microphone, which seems so alive with strange vital fluids when you begin, goes suddenly dead; you think that somewhere in the next room the operator has cut off the current; that everywhere everyone has tuned out. You wonder who these people are who may be listening, in what obscurity, with what hostility. And when you listen to the radio yourself, you know little more. It remains simply a force, moving at one time in all directions, spreading what?

GILBERT SELDES.

Pirandello's Commedia

Right You Are If You Think You Are, by Luigi Pirandello, translated by Arthur Livingston. The Guild Theatre, February 21, 1927.

THE production of Pirandello's famous Così è (se vi pare) by the Theatre Guild players is at least passable, with some muffing and not too much precision or distinction, and with two admirable performances. Mr. Edward G. Robinson plays Ponza, the tortured employe, with fine concentration and unity; Miss Beryl Mercer's Signora Frola is one of the most expert and stirring performances of the year. The whole interpretation of the play, however, is greatly thwarted by Mr. Reginald Mason, to whom is allotted the all-important rôle in which the dramatist himself speaks.

This Lamberto Laudisi is the protagonist, or perhaps the chorus, of the drama. The Pirandello theme—that relation of fiction and reality and the nature of truth that is the hero of most of his plays—supplies the dramatic continuity of Così è (se vi pare) and is completely intrusted to this ironical and smiling philosopher who sits on the edge of the events and human emotions that we see taking place in the Aggazi drawing-room. The rôle should be played directly, with clear stresses, direct reason, urbanity and sequence. Mr. Mason seems to have the impression that Pirandello was writing to give his archness a chance. The most pointed remarks, remarks most necessary to the play's idea and progress, he delivers as if he were the whimsical uncle of an English country house. His hesitancies, sly humors and coquetries, of theory and whim, as when, for example, he speaks Laudisi's lines to his own image or self in the mirror, appear to make some of the audience laugh, but they blur the sting of the thought, shift the intellectual basis of the play, and help to turn into a smiling moment what is not so much comic or personal as it is exhilarating or ideal. Such a performance as Mr. Mason's is a deplorable intrusion into the clarity and precision of Pirandello's scheme.

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Pirandello's theatre and ideas have been so long famous now and this particular play so long available, either in companies abroad or as a book here, in Mr. Arthur Livingston's capital translations, that we are free to leave accounts of Così è (se vi pare) and turn to points almost academic.

First, then, we may speak of the element of characterization in this Latin play. The acting at the Guild Theatre might wisely aim at less relation between many of the speeches and the particular character that speaks them, and more relation to the play's general scheme. This rather undue degree of individualization might be said to appear even in the translation of the title, for Così è does not mention you but it, and does not say that you are right but that it is so, if it seems so to you. That, however, is of no importance, obviously. I mention it only for its suggestive comment. In many cases a speech in Così è (se vi pare) might be said by any one of half a dozen of the people in the story. It does not proceed from the depths of any particular person, but serves rather to keep the argument up, the analysis alive, the structure building. Indeed, the people in this play are hardly people at all; they are figures in the game that Pirandello is playing. They are human traits, situations, mental aspects. If on the stage they are made too personal, too actual, the play becomes more cruel and arch; taken on that ground what could be more cruel than the use made of such grief, despair and confusion as that of the three people about whom the town's inquiry and our excitement centres? With less individualization and reality in the characters, less comedy and laughter would be necessary to make the play palatable.

This ought to be a good lesson for us northern races with our obsession about character in drama. Is Pirandello's play poor because the characters in it are but perfunctorily related to its story and idea, are not profound creations? Not at all. It would doubtless be a greater play if the character element were deeply creative and deeply related to the plot and the theme. But that does not prevent its being an excellent piece of drama through the excellence of its idea and plot. This play exists most in its outline, to which all else contributes. In this case we are to judge not by character creation, but by the theme and the theatrical effectiveness with which it is presented.

This outline quality, this exhilarating game of motives and ideas, is one of the traits in Così è (se vi pare) that tie it to the commedia dell' arte. This piece, as much as any that Carlo Gozzi admired in the public squares of Italy, is made up not of people but of stock characters, which are here not Harlequin, Dottore and the rest, but mental habits, characteristic human emotions, thematic ideas. This is no less a comedy of intrigue, though the game played and the victory plotted for concern not some hero but ideas: the nature of truth is the hero whose fortunes underlie the story. And over this whole play lies the air of improvisation; however bitter its living material, however tragic the human matter that it engages, it is gay with its own ingenuity and speed, it delights in its invention and ruthless vivacity. At the very end we see Ponza maintaining that his wife is dead and, to comfort the mother-in-law, keeping up the fiction that his second wife is really the first, who is still alive; and the mother-in-law insisting that her daughter is not dead but that her son-in-law's delusion has made it necessary to go through a second wedding ceremony and pretend that there is now a second wife; we see then the woman in question when she is brought in to settle the matter. Which is she, they ask, the daughter who is still alive or the dead woman's successor? She is, she says, whatever you think she is. With such an arbitrary end the plot intrigue resolves itself, and at that we are slapped in the face with the unreality and the pure theatricality of the piece, which thus kicks up its heels with its own high spirits and joyous game.

Not only do these type characters—these lively abstractions, traditional, though of a new content, more or less—denote the Latin and classic family of this play; there are speeches long enough to have come from the Attic dramatists, from Seneca and Plautus, and on down through the course of drama in modern Latin countries. Here again, before these longueurs, these tirades, speeches longer in wind than the Homeric Nestor boasted, have we of the North been taught to dread and fear. It is amusing to sit listening to Miss Mercer's fine reading of those pages and pages that Signora Frola speaks, and to observe how this classic form may carry life as well as any other, when there is really any life to carry, and how the tense life in it now, as Pirandello is using it, covers up the traditional form. Technically, too, we may observe that the speech length is not the point so much as that the very length itself of a speech should become dramatic, that there should be also a dramatic progression in the thought, and that, when it is delivered, the stress should fall accurately and with a just degree of that resistent flexibility by which the spoken language becomes expressive and exciting.

STARK YOUNG.

To a Telegraph Pole

You should be done with blossoming by now.
Yet here are leaves closer than any bough
That welcomes ivy. True, you were a tree
And stood with others in a marching line,
Less regular than this, of spruce and pine,
And boasted branches rather than a trunk.
This is your final winter, all arms shrunk
To one cross-bar bearing haphazardly
Four rusty strands. You cannot hope to feel
The electric sap run through those veins of steel.
The birds know this; the birds have hoodwinked you,
Crowding about you as they used to do.
The rainy robins huddled on your wire
And those black birds with shoulders dipped in fire
Have made you dream these vines; these tendrils are
A last despair in green, familiar
To derelicts of earth as well as sea.
Do not believe them, there is mockery
In their cool little jets of song. They know
What everyone but you learned long ago:
The stream of stories humming through your head
Is not your own. You dream. But you are dead.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

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Georg Brandes

1842-1927

THE death of Georg Brandes, in his eighty-fifth year, removes from the world of European letters another of the six eminent surviving witnesses to the building up of the intellectual, social, and political order whose disintegration was hastened and made manifest by the last war. The first to go was Frederic Harrison, at the age of ninety-one, in 1922. The next year he was followed by his friend John Morley, aged eighty-four. At eighty Anatole France departed, in 1923, leaving Thomas Hardy and Clemenceau to contemplate the wreckage of all that their generation builded upon during the greater part of a century.

All six were old enough in 1859 to receive the indelible mark left upon the mid-Victorian mind by the Darwinian hypothesis, which as definitely colored and determined the thought of the nineteenth century as did that other great date in the history of what Léon Daudet calls "the stupid nineteenth century," the year of the French Revolution. We are credited nowadays with having recovered somewhat from our contempt of Early Victorianism, but whether our appreciation takes the form of resurrecting what were once its most ridiculed domestic ornaments, or declaring the genius of Anthony Trollope, or defending the beloved Queen herself, the years 1789 and 1859 no longer stir the consciousness of educated men and women today. It is as difficult for us to feel any positive enthusiasm for the events associated with those dates as for the fact that the earth is round, or that Galileo was right.

What were vital and governing factors in men's minds when Georg Brandes was young are now, at best, subjected to the sceptical inspection of political thinkers who are unimpressed by revolutions, whether of the French or the Russian variety, and to the destructive comment of scientists who know that Darwin was largely mistaken and frequently wholly misunderstood, and who are inclined by relativity to hint that the Inquisition was nearer the truth than Galileo. Where the generation of Brandes had to contend with fundamental ideas and principles, the post-war generation has to face its own doubts and disillusion. It can be stampeded into hysterical acquiescence, or maintain an attitude of cynical scepticism, when mediæval bullies assert dictatorships, but it can never display the earnestness of a young Morley or Harrison, nor the rebellious seriousness of a young Clemenceau or a young Brandes. Neither its scepticism nor its fatalism has the serenity of Anatole France or Thomas Hardy. These men and the generation that followed them have little to say which the world of today can hear.

Those who knew Georg Brandes only through his writings, especially those foreigners who were accustomed to think of him as the last great European critic since Taine, could not know the peculiar status which was his during the later years of his life. In 1912 his seventieth birthday was the occasion of official honors in Denmark and the public consecration of a reputation long since established in academic and literary circles. The War had not come to cloud his friendships both at home and abroad. We remember his controversies with such old friends as Clemenceau and William Archer, but the latter did not resent his independent attitude during the War any more than the Anglophile Danes themselves, who resented the fact that their only compatriot with a world audience failed to accept Allied propaganda at its face value. The "pro-Germanism" of Brandes was to become a very useful weapon in the hands of jealous opponents, and helped to widen the rift between him and the contemporary Danish writers.

On the day before his last birthday, when he lay already mortally ill, Politiken invited tributes, as is the custom of the country, to Georg Brandes on his eighty-fifth anniversary. Looking over the names of those who write with such admiration and affection, I find not a single author of eminence outside the field of scholarship. Professors, a Minister of Education, an explorer, a Consul-General, even a forester (that inevitable Scandinavian functionary) send greetings. But where are the names of J. Anker Larsen, Martin Andersen Nexö, John Skjoldborg, Sophus Michaelis, Johannes V. Jensen? Their absence is no more than a reflection of the actual situation as I saw it when my own constant visits to Brandes never failed to amuse and irritate his younger contemporaries. Men as dissimilar as Anker Larsen, the mystical author of Martha and Mary and The Philosopher's Stone, and Nexö, the Bolshevist author of Pelle the Conqueror and Ditte, were at one in their indifference to Georg Brandes. As an innocent foreigner it was my privilege to hear it seriously said that the regurgitations of Lloyd George's fanciest flights of martial oratory by Professor Christen Collin completely disposed of his opponent Brandes, who strenuously believed that it was the right and duty of a neutral Scandinavian to think neutrally.

Even the textbooks now reflect the changed attitude towards Brandes. In a history of Scandinavian literature which has just reached me I read: "The unique position of Brandes in the field of literary criticism cannot any longer conceal from us today the enormous defects in his talent. In particular Brandes's one-sided manner of looking at things has aged his work very quickly. In the last analysis, for him there is only one kind of art, realistic; one kind of philosophy, materialistic; one kind of political economy, socialistic. . . . Brandes was quite blind to the fact that, in addition to the literature of a given period, there is a literature that is timeless. Under the pretense of understanding everything, he condemns everything that cannot be identified with Brandes."

In order to realize the force of this verdict it is necessary to recall briefly a few facts and dates in the career of Brandes. In 1862, when he was only twenty, his dissertation on the Idea of Fate Among the Ancients received a prize from the University of Copenhagen, and even before he had received his doctor's degree for a thesis on Taine and French Æsthetics, he had published Æsthetic Studies in 1868, containing his first essay on Ibsen, and the following year a volume of Criticisms and Portraits, in which essays on Sainte-Beuve and Mérimée betray his first interest in France. In 1870 he started on his travels abroad, where he met the great figures of the period: Mill, Arnold, Taine, Renan. By the time he was back in Copenhagen, he was fully equipped for the campaign which he waged fiercely against orthodoxy and romanticism.

In 1870 Denmark was intellectually stagnant, and after

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the defeat of 1864 the vital energies of the country seemed to be at a low ebb. Brandes was a firebrand and a scandal to all respectable people when he began in the autumn of 1871 the series of lectures which were afterward to be known as the Main Currents of Nineteenth Century Literature. He did not obtain the chair to which his achievements entitled him and was compelled to give his lectures outside the official precincts. The first four of the six volumes composing that work as we now know it appeared in 1872, 1873, 1874, and 1875. Then there was a hiatus, The Romantic School in France appearing in 1882, and Young Germany not until 1890. In the interval he had written Danish Poets, Disraeli, Lassalle, Sören Kierkegaard, and Esaias Tegnér.

From 1878 until 1883 he lived in Germany, where he found a public less hostile to his radicalism than in Denmark, and there he completed his education as a cosmopolitan and a good European by writing in German the volume Moderne Geister, with its studies of Paul Heyse, Max Klinger, Flaubert, the brothers Goncourt, Stuart Mill, Andersen, Ibsen, Björnson and Turgenev. To this work he added some years later Men and Works, dealing with Holberg, Oelenschlaeger, Nietzsche, Zola, Maupassant, Pushkin, Lermontov, Dostoyevsky, Tolstoy, Kielland, Jacobsen, Strindberg, Sudermann, and Hauptmann. Add to these studies his monographs on Shakespeare, Julius Cæsar, and Goethe, and one has a fair conspectus of the vast range of his writings, of which we have seen only a part in English. In France even his Main Currents has not yet progressed beyond the translation of The Romantic School, made twenty-five years ago.

In English, the last-mentioned work and his Shakespeare are the achievements by which he is best known. His Shakespeare has become more or less an accepted handbook, but it is doubtful if Main Currents has ever enjoyed the same standing. It had to wait many years before its appearance in English, and for many years it was unobtainable until recently republished. One has to remember the circumstances of its genesis in order to appreciate this work. It was the first sustained work of criticism in which the European perspective is preserved, but it was primarily an exposition of the libertarian ideas which came to the surface of the European consciousness after the 1848 revolutionary wave, and it was intended specifically as a counterblast to romanticism. The fact that it did actually call into being a new Scandinavian literature, that it was the theory of literature accompanying the practice of men like Ibsen and Strindberg, gave an excitement to its pages which we can no longer catch. Free inquiry and free thought were the two principles to which the young lecturer began by declaring his adherence, and his six volumes are as much a history of freedom of thought as of literature.

Brandes at once challenged the romantic school by stating that poetry is not an aim in itself, literature must serve a cause, it must propagate ideas, "set up problems for discussion." Ranging over the literature of nineteenth century Europe, Brandes pieced together the literary history of the ideal of free thought, of emancipation in all its forms. In so doing, he laid himself open to the charge that he was altering the facts to suit his theory, and that whatever else he had written, he was not writing a history of literature. Thus we find Shelley estimated in terms of his ideas rather than of his art, and even the innocent Gottfried Keller is described somewhere as the "apostle of a soulful atheism."

This conception of literature and this form of criticism are assuredly unwanted today, although H. L. Mencken is one American critic who is still thoroughly Brandesian in character. It is an approach to literature which is inevitable, almost imperative, in a period when the liberation of men's minds from conventions and cant is the condition precedent to creative work. Once the liberating process is complete, of course, its beneficaries smile at the instruments whereby their emancipation has been secured. But if one can resist the pleasure of being superior merely because one is young, fairness demands a recognition of positive merit and positive achievement. If biology prove Darwin ever so mistaken, the tangible benefit of his hypothesis remains in our blessed freedom from the preoccupations of Brandes and his generation in their youth.

My own feeling is that, when the æsthetics of Brandes have been ridiculed by Dadaists, Surréalistes, and neo-Thomists, his work stands as the best testimony to the value of his principles. It is not a bad record for a critic to have discovered Nietzsche, to have recognized instantly the real genius of Ibsen, and to have brought the breath of new literary life into his own country. The very title of Main Currents is, I think, a proof of the soundness of the author's judgment, for the idea of freedom whose evolution he traces is, when all is said and done, the dominating motif of the nineteenth century. Nobody was better aware than Brandes of the extent to which the War had destroyed the hopes, illusions, and even the fragile facts upon which that ideal had rested. In less historical perspective than Spengler he clearly saw the downfall of western civilization. He saw that the production of great individuals and free minds was not consonant with the trend of European decadence. His own life and personality are enough to show how plausible that aim once was.

ERNEST BOYD.

The World Is a Watch Charm

OF course there would be one in California. But haven't I heard that there is one in France also, built with government aid, not very far from Paris? How the kids of today are to be envied! I don't believe they appreciate it at all. You or I at that age would have been properly thrilled. But in our day nothing like it existed; nobody had even imagined anything of the kind. Ours were the days of blackboards, and crumbly chalk, and rulers rapped over knuckles, and one-old-cat in the yard at recess.

You don't know what I'm talking about? The outdoor maps, Madam; the schools (two of them, Fr. and Calif.) where geography is taught, not with a little globe six inches in diameter, but by means of a gigantic facsimile of the hemispheres spread out over several acres of concrete and real, live water. From pole to pole is several hundred yards, perhaps even half a mile. The history class starts out at nine-thirty from the top of Greenland, in canoes. At nine-thirty-five, they are off Cape Cod. "The early Pilgrim settlers . . ." begins the instructor. But why listen to him? The French (or California) sun is hot overhead, the bow of the canoe hits the tranquil water pleasantly, and

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your heavy roommate (who is in the stern) is trying to blow some ants, who have been living peacefully at Provincetown, into Cape Cod Bay. "During the first winter, many of these intrepid colonists died. . . ." At ten-fifteen the class is dismissed off Norfolk (tobacco and indentured servants) and the canoes go back to the schoolhouse via Brazil, St. Helena and Unexplored.

I have not heard any details as to how the continents are decked out at these two schools. All I know is the naked, fascinating fact that a school exists with an outdoor map of the world large enough to explore in boats. I don't want to know any more; the imagination is tempted and dazzled enough by that. I can so easily see myself as a small boy, with other small boys sneaking out after hours to explore the Pacific, very stealthily, by starlight. This escapade, if discovered, would of course delight our teachers, and their theories would be justified. Whoever heard of a boy breaking into the Latin class-room at midnight? But here are some youngsters keen enough about geography to break the strictest rules in pursuit of it.

Yet I am afraid our teachers would not be entirely on the right track. Their notion, to be sure, is an excellent one: to prepare us for the great world by study of its faithful miniature, to have us possess the outlines and distances of life clearly in mind at an early age, to enlist the boy's natural love for land and water in learning about continents and oceans. Laboriously, and at considerable expense to the founders, they have made for us a toy like the world, but won't it teach us instead to think of the world as a toy? If we are caught paddling about in the Indian Ocean without permission, is one to infer that we are passionately fond of geography, or, more simply, that we are boys, and that boys will be boys?

Such doubts are theoretical and adult. No matter what the educational value of the concrete map, it would be wonderful fun. Even if we never managed to learn from it what were the basic products of China and what was the importance of Suez to the British Empire, the dividends from it in sheer fun would alone justify its existence. Think of building, very slowly, with painfully acquired pennies, an electric railroad from Hudson's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico. Think of playing baseball all over the land of the free, with El Paso for the home plate and Prairie du Chien as second base. Think of bobbing for apples in the Dead Sea, and pulling a two-pound bass out of the Bay of Bengal. The English Channel is very shallow, and your canoe will ground at low tide (tides? Of course! They are in the curriculum), for all this part of the world was land, long ago. Someone is asleep with a newspaper over his face and his feet in Bagdad. (What is the populaiton of the country where his head would be?) George, or more likely Sam, has just tipped over in the Indian Ocean, and is chinning himself on the shore of Madagascar. . . .

Resuming, with some difficulty, a grown-up state of mind, I begin to wonder how the real world will strike these youngsters when they step into it from their pillowed canoe. They will know a great many useful facts, of course, and the majority of them could immediately get jobs with Cook's or the American Express. With the globe measured in their minds according to the number of steps or paddle-strokes between capitals, they can quickly translate steps into thousands of miles, into days and weeks. Their old school playground may even have been decorated with tiny model cities, and by shutting their eyes they can tell you how Pernambuco looks from the sea. They will know everything except the few great vague facts about the world that are really important: that the world is unbelievably large, lonely and hard to manage. Stranded at Marseilles, in bed with fever in Shanghai, fog-bound in the Baltic, office-bound in New York, our young students will suddenly find the world totally different from what they were so carefully taught to expect of it. No longer can they stand on the Himalayas and throw stones into Japan, no longer, in winter, can they skate around the whole works in eight minutes. The world, all at once, is only superficially a collection of names, capitals, plateaux, products, distances; at bottom it is seen to be a dark, unfriendly, unexpected, mysterious, endless problem.

Let the schools which possess these delusive little paradises keep them by all means, but let them provide, in the same curriculum, stern antidotes to an easy, topographical view of life. Just as they recapture great features in parvo, let them snare and preserve, intact, experiences from life, and subject their students to them, year after year. A touch of measles at regular intervals, for instance, will bring more of discipline to the young character than the concrete maps can ever bring of knowledge to the young mind. Make them walk barefoot a certain number of days per month, as an actual lesson in the past of primitive man, and a lesson symbolical of what is to come in their own lives. Blindfold them, so as to resurrect their senses of touch and hearing, dulled by civilization. Place them, early enough so as to form the proper habit-patterns, in specific situations typical of modern life. Form the entire class into a rotary club, with songs and speeches, but without lunch. Have all the boys fired, one after another, by a real foreman from a real wire-mill, borrowed for the day. And a little joy, now and then, as relief from the Spartan régime: give mock Ph. D. degrees to the senior class, en bloc. Then, after this holiday, back to stern reality. Marry all the boys, and divorce them the day following. Promote the stupid ones ahead of the intelligent (a process considered, by the unpromoted, to be one of the laws of nature). Call out the boys on strike, then call out the cops and beat them up (this is no more painful than football). Put them through bankruptcy, indict them, print three columns of false scandal about each of them in the school tabloid. Put them to counting thumb-tacks, delivering flowers for bankers, answering wrong numbers, and punching time-clocks, so that they will know how to do a man's work in a man's world. . . .

Whatever pre-release information about things as they are was pounded into them would, I am afraid, make them only less and less anxious to enter this man's world. The probability is that the graduates of these two schools (in France and California) would, after a year spent at the National Geographic Society making relief maps, return to their alma mater and take the latest batch of arrivals, in a neat flotilla of canoes, from the South Pole across the Gulf-stream to Labrador.

"Now here, boys, is where Eric the Red is supposed to have landed . . . " And at recess, a home run into Alaska.

R. L.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Higher Finance

SIR: Carnegie seemed to himself and others, when he insisted on taking his pay for his plant wholly in bonds, very shrewd and canny. He said (according to report) that the preferred stock was pure water and the common pure wind; the bonds represented the full value of the properties—more than the actual investment in them. But if he had taken his pay half in common, he would have died richer. Of course, as you intimate, the wind and water were the capitalization of the monopoly—which proved to be overcapitalized only for a few years.

Shortly after the election of Coolidge the New England Telephone Company, in common with many of the trusts, made a request for an increase of rates. They had had an increase a little before, and at first their demands were moderate. But as the hearings progressed it became evident that they had underestimated the imbecility of the public and overestimated the integrity of the public service commissions. So they increased their demands several hundred percent; and got them granted. The chief reason they gave was that they wanted to make extensions, and needed the increased rates to enable them to do so. This was saying more plainly, I think, than has been said by any other large company, that they wanted the public gradually to contribute the capital for the extensions, and then pay dividends on it to the company to the end of time.

The public has been in Issachar's frame of mind (if one can call it mind—ask the behaviorists) ever since 1917. Probably this is really its normal state; only once in a while a brief ray of lucidity penetrates the gloom.

Ashland, Massachusetts. W. C. ROSE.

Help Wanted in Bulgaria

SIR: We have just received in the office of the International Committee for Political Prisoners, Room 410, 2 West Thirteenth Street, New York, a truly heartbreaking series of letters from R. H. Markham, an American resident in Bulgaria. Describing conditions in that country, Mr. Markham gives case after case with almost the circumstantial detail of the New York Times Christmas appeal for the hundred neediest families. All these cases are a direct result of the terrible political persecution there.

Peace after the World War has brought but brief respites to Bulgaria from her suffering. Of all the reigns of terror which have cursed Europe since the Armistice none was more intense or tragic than that which culminated in the year 1925 in Bulgaria. This country lacks more than a million people of being as populous as the city of New York. Yet the list of victims of the reign of terror runs as high in some estimates as 20,000. Mr. Markham, an unusually reliable observer, who was in Bulgaria all through these tragic years, thinks that about 5,000 were executed, murdered or "disappeared." Among these men were not merely avowed members of radical parties but some of the great writers and thinkers of the country.

With the establishment of the Liapcheff government at the end of 1925, conditions began to improve. The terror was abandoned, and constitutional rights were restored. Nevertheless, the jails have still more than their share of political prisoners, and the end of the terror did not restore husbands and fathers to life. Last winter various British committees relieved the acute suffering of political prisoners and the families of victims of the terror. Their capacity to aid is exhausted. Bulgaria must now now look to prosperous America for help. The situation is worse because economic conditions in Bulgaria are generally bad and widows, still living in the shadow of a great horror, with little children dependent upon them, cannot easily find any occupation. Almost at random I choose from Mr. Markham's report a story like this.

> Mrs. K. and a small son. Her husband and a seventeen-year-old son disposed of after their arrest. The home was burned down. The widow is utterly destitute and going crazy. She was for many years an efficient school teacher. The little boy is unusually bright and intelligent.

Here is another case of a woman with dependents whose husband "was hung rather unofficially but no less effectively. She is brave beyond belief and does everything to support her family, but has a terribly hard time."

Mr. Markham has no difficulty at all in distributing relief through the recognized and trustworthy channels to these pathetic families and, in cases where it is very necessary, to political prisoners themselves. He is able to make a little money go a long way in providing help.

While it is not the purpose of this committee to serve as a general relief committee for the families of Europe's victims of oppression, the peculiar poignancy of the Bulgarian appeal and the fact that relief can be wisely and constructively given in that country justifies us, we think, in telling generous Americans of this particular situation and offering to transmit all relief promptly to our correspondent, Mr. Markham.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES,
Chairman, International Committee for Political Prisoners.
New York City.

Kiddush Ha-Shem

SIR: . . . I notice in your issue of January 5, 1927, a review by M. E. J. of Kiddush Ha-Shem, by Sholom Ash. . . . If you are going to have a book review which is as brief as this one, it might really be well to give it to someone who can review the book from the standpoint of some background which gives the reviewer some familiarity with the subject, or else the review could be omitted without great loss.

In the first place, the translation of the name of the book is not Prayer Song, as your reviewer seems to think, but rather, Sanctification of the Name. This title was largely applied to those Jews who chose torture and death in preference to abjuring their faith. It was particularly applied during the days of the Inquisition in Spain, because tradition has it that the martyrs died while reciting the watch-word of Israel, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord Thy God, the Lord is One." In later days, it was applied to all Jews who were massacred during religious persecutions, as in the Russian pogroms.

I do not see where the reviewer finds in this book "an attempted vindication of the Jewish point of view." It is, rather, a very vivid narrative of historic events which have occurred in the life of the Jewish people, time and time again. If the reviewer will take the trouble to read the history of the Fall of the First Temple, or of the Fall of the Second Temple, or of the Crusades, as well as of the events in the year 1648, he would probably read this book with a little bit more understanding. He would then understand that Sholom Ash has not tried to draw a sympathetic picture of the Jew, but rather that he has vividly portrayed in stirring prose the eternal tragedy of the Jew.

Duluth, Minnesota. H. W. DAVIS.

Uncle Sam, Imperialist

SIR: Were Woodrow Wilson and William J. Bryan "imperialists"? You say that the action taken against Haiti and Santo Domingo was "ruthless"—the worst exhibition of "imperialism" our government has given. Do you believe that they intervened there at the dictation of Wall Street interests?

Both these men made many speeches against "imperialism" and "Wall Street." Do you think they were a pair of hypocrites? Did you demand their resignations at the time, as you now demand that of Secretary Kellogg?

Washington, D. C. GEORGE MCK. WILLIAMS.

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Mr. Churchill on the War

The World Crisis, 1916-1918, by Winston Churchill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Two vols. 625 pages. $10.

THIS brilliant book is not a history. It is a series of episodes, a succession of bird's-eye views, designed to illuminate certain facets of the great contest and to confirm the author's thesis about the conduct, in its broadest strategic aspects, of modern warfare. There are great advantages in this procedure. Mr. Churchill tells us many details of extraordinary interest, which most of us did not know before, but he does not lose himself in detail. He deals in the big with the essential problems of the higher thought of the conduct of the War. The book is written, like most books of any value, with a purpose. It does not pretend to the empty impartiality of those dull writers before whose minds the greatest and most stirring events of history can pass without producing any distinct impression one way or the other. Mr. Churchill's was, perhaps, the most acute and concentrated intelligence which saw the War at close quarters from beginning to end, with knowledge of the inside facts and of the inner thoughts of the prime movers of events. He formed clear conclusions as to where lay truth and error—not only in the light of after-events. And he here tells them to us in rhetorical, but not too rhetorical, language. This naturally means telling us most where he was nearest, and criticizing chiefly where he deemed himself the wisest. But he contrives to do this without undue egotism. He pursues no vendettas, discloses no malice. Even the admirals and generals, who are the victims of his analysis, are not pursued too far. Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Balfour, Mr. Bonar Law, Sir Edward Carson—he speaks them all fair and friendly in recognition of their several qualities, not striking down those who did service because they have joints in their armor. Mr. Churchill writes better than any politician since Disraeli. The book, whether its bias is right or wrong, will increase his reputation.

Mr. Churchill's principal thesis amounts to the contention that, broadly speaking, in each country the professional soldiers, the "brass hats," were, on the great questions of military policy, generally wrong—wrong on the weight of the argument beforehand and wrong on the weight of the evidence afterward—whilst the professional politicians, the "frocks," as Sir Henry Wilson called them (a bit of a "frock" himself), were generally right. This is a question upon which at the time it was impossible for an outside observer to form a judgment, since, whilst it appeared to be the case that both sides committed cardinal errors at each turning point of the War, no one could divide the responsibility between the Cabinets and the General Staffs. In England, popular opinion rallied on the whole to the generals—more picturesque, much more glorious figures than our old knock-about friends the "frocks," and enjoying the enormous advantage of never having to explain themselves in public. Mr. Churchill sets himself to redress this balance, to convince us in the light of the full disclosures, now available from every side, that wisdom lay on the whole with Asquith, Lloyd George and himself, with Briand, Painlevé and Clemenceau, with Bethmann-Hollweg and even the Crown Prince, and that it was Haig and Robertson, Joffre and Nivelle, Falkenhayn and Ludendorff who jeopardized or lost the War.

Let me try to summarize Mr. Churchill's indictment of the General Staffs. Each side signally lacked a Cunctator Maximus. No Fabius arose to wait, to withdraw, to entice. The "brass hats" were always in a hurry, hurrying to disclose their possession of new weapons of offense—the German poison-gas, the German U-boats, the British tanks—before they had accumulated enough of them to produce a decisive effect; hurrying to the useless slaughter of their dreaded "pushes." The strategic surrender, the deliberate withdrawal, the attempt to lure the enemy into a pocket where he could be taken in flank, all such expedients of the higher imagination of warfare were scarcely attempted. Mangin's counter-stroke under the direction of Foch in July, 1918, which both the French and British staffs were inclined to deprecate and distrust, was one of the few such efforts. The ideas of the staffs were from beginning to end elementary in the extreme—in attack, to find out the enemy in his strongest place and hurl yourself on him; in defense, to die heroically in the first ditch. Yet the extreme difficulty of restoring and extending communications over the battle zone gave an extraordinary advantage, in the conditions of modern warfare, to the retreat as against the advance. There were only two important exceptions to this rule—the withdrawal of the Germans to the Hindenburg line in 1917, and the unchanging demeanor of Sir John Jellicoe. Mr. Churchill's fascinating analysis of the Battle of Jutland seems to the layman to show that Jellicoe missed his chances—chances which he ought to have taken. But Jellicoe, carrying a greater burden of risk and responsibility than any other single individual, the only man on either side, as Mr. Churchill admits, who could have lost the War in an afternoon, does stand out as the one triumphant Cunctator, who, though he may have missed chances, carried through from start to finish without a single disastrous mistake. I do not think, even in the light of some incisive criticisms which Mr. Churchill is able to make, that one would have wished to see any other personality which the War threw up in any country, in charge of the North Sea.

Mr. Churchill's next point concerns the narrow geographical vision of the General Staffs, their inability on both sides to throw out wide-ranging glances of strategic and political imagination over the whole potential field of hostilities. The armies were drawn to one another like magnets. The soldiers were always busy discerning where the enemy was strongest and then demanding equal or greater forces to counter him, never testing where he was weakest and thrusting there. This is an old controversy, upon which we have long known where Mr. Churchill stood, and Mr. Lloyd George also. I do not know that this book adds much directly to their case, but Mr. Churchill's third point, which I come to in a moment, does confirm, I think, the potential value of the restless visions of the politicians, as hints toward victory, as against the dogged dullness of the staffs. Mr. Churchill holds that the Germans, especially Falkenhayn, were at least as much at fault in this respect as we were. The generals on both sides were equally confirmed "Westerners" and supported one another, by their dispositions, against their respective governments at home.

Akin to this narrow geographical and political outlook was the narrow scientific vision of the professional soldiers, their extraordinary slowness to take up with new mechanical ideas, as illustrated by the history of the tanks, which our staff deprecated in their inception and never demanded from the Ministry of Munitions in adequate quantity, even after they had become enthusiastic of their results, and which Ludendorff never imitated on a serious scale, even after their existence had been prematurely discovered to him. The overdoing of the artillery and the maintenance

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of cavalry, which even in 1918 occupied nearly the same numbers of British personnel as the machine guns and nearly twice those of the tanks, are further examples of inelasticity of mind, as compared with the alternative policy, never adopted, except by Mr. Churchill himself in 1918 with a view to the unfought campaign of 1919, of an immense concentration of man-power on aeroplanes, machine guns, tanks and gas.

The third point, which probably constitutes the most novel and interesting part of Mr. Churchill's book, concerns the actual value, as judged by the results now fully known from the records of both sides, of the great offensives on the Western Front. It is here that there was the sharpest and most continuing divergence of opinion between the professional politicians and the professional soldiers. Apart from a temporary conversion of Mr. Lloyd George to the staff view in 1917, the former were ever of the opinion that the soldiers were underestimating the opportunities of defenses and overestimating the potential gains of an offensive, and that no decision would ever be reached by assaulting the enemy in his fortified positions on the Western Front. The influence of the War Cabinet was almost invariably cast against the "pushes" of 1915, 1916 and 1917. Since the successive Cabinets expected little from these appalling offensives, there was nothing to mitigate the effect on their minds of the cruel and useless losses. By the end of 1917, a situation was actually reached in which Mr. Lloyd George was preventing available troops from being sent across the Channel which were certainly required in reserve there, because he could not trust his power to prevent Sir Douglas Haig from sending them to the massacre, once they were in France. "But for the horror which Paschandaele inspired in the minds of the Prime Minister and the War Cabinet," Mr. Churchill writes, "Haig would no doubt have been supplied with very much larger reinforcements." Beginning with Mr. Asquith's prolonged and tenacious opposition to conscription down to this episode in the winter of 1917, Mr. Churchill's evidence goes to show that it was the politicians who had the soft hearts, but also that it was they on the whole who, on military grounds, were right.

The General Staffs were ready to admit after each offensive that the results were disappointing, but they were apt to console themselves with the consideration of the great losses inflicted on the enemy and on some satisfactory progress toward the objective of attrition. Mr. Churchill claims that he distrusted these conclusions at the time, and that the figures of casualties now available from both sides show that the result of almost every offensive was to leave the attacking side relatively weaker in man-power than it was before. Sir Frederick Maurice, in a letter to the Times, has disputed this interpretation of the statistics. But even if Mr. Churchill has pushed his case too far, he seems on the whole to have established it. In particular, it was Ludendorff's apparently successful offensive of 1918 which really prepared the way for, and indeed rendered inevitable, the final German collapse. A large part of the book is occupied by a series of accounts of the successive offensives on either side and of the inability to estimate the reasonable probabilities of success by the High Commands, which their launchings indicated. The following passage may be quoted as an illustration of Mr. Churchill's style and matter:

> The anatomy of the battles of Verdun and the Somme was the same. A battlefield had been selected. Around this battlefield walls were built—double, triple, quadruple—of enormous cannon. Behind these railways were constructed to feed them, and mountains of shells were built up. All this was the work of months. Thus the battlefield was completely encircled by thousands of guns of all sizes, and a wide oval space prepared in their midst. Through this awful arena all the divisions of each army, battered ceaselessly by the enveloping artillery, were made to pass in succession, as if they were the teeth of interlocking cogwheels grinding each other.
>
> For month after month the ceaseless cannonade continued at its utmost intensity, and month after month the gallant divisions of heroic human beings were torn to pieces in this terrible rotation. Then came the winter, pouring down rain from the sky to clog the feet of men, and drawing veils of mist before the hawk-eyes of their artillery. The arena, as used to happen in the Coliseum in those miniature Roman days, was flooded with water. A vast sea of ensanguined mud, churned by thousands of vehicles, by hundreds of thousands of men and millions of shells, replaced the blasted dust. Still the struggle continued. Still the remorseless wheels revolved. Still the auditorium of artillery roared. At last the legs of men could no longer move; they wallowed and floundered helplessly in the slime. Their food, their ammunition lagged behind them along the smashed and choked roadways.

Nothing is more interesting in Mr. Churchill's book than his impressions of the prevailing types of the High Command on each side. "There was altogether lacking," he says, "that supreme combination of the King—Warrior—Statesman which is apparent in the persons of the great conquerors of history." Most of the great commanders, with the possible exception of Joffre, were undoubtedly men of outstanding ability in their profession, but they were prevailingly of the heavy block-head type, men whose nerves were much stronger than their imaginations. Hindenburg was not the only wooden image. Joffre, Kitchener, Haig, Robertson, Ludendorff—they also might be commemorated in the same medium. They slept well, they ate well—*nothing* could upset them. As they could seldom explain themselves and preferred to depend on their "instincts," they could never be refuted. Mr. Churchill, quoting a letter from Robertson to Haig in which the former proposes to stick to offensives in the West "more because my instinct prompts me to stick to it, than because of any good argument by which I can support it," comments—"These are terrible words when used to sustain the sacrifice of nearly four hundred thousand men." The type reached its furthest limit in Mr. Churchill's semi-comic portrait of Père Joffre. No doubt more highly strung men could not stand the wear and tear of high command in modern warfare. They were necessarily eliminated in favor of those who, in Mr. Churchill's words, could preserve their sang-froid amid disastrous surprises "to an extent almost indistinguishable from insensibility." Moreover, the Commander-in-Chief may be almost the last person ever to hear the truth. "The whole habit of mind of a military staff is based upon subordination of opinion." This meant that the lighter mind of the politician, surrounded by candid friends and watchful opponents, was indispensable to the right conclusions. The final defeat of Germany was in fact due to the supreme strength of her Great General Staff. If Germany's politicians had had the same influence as ours or France's or America's, she could never have suffered a similar defeat. Her three cardinal errors, according to Mr. Churchill—the invasion of Belgium, the unrestricted use of U-boats, the offensive of March, 1918—were all the peculiar and exclusive responsibility of the General Staff.

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Ludendorff was the final embodiment both of the influence of the General Staff and of its highest qualities—of that General Staff whose members "were bound together by the closest ties of professional comradeship and common doctrine. They were to the rest of the Army what the Jesuits in their greatest period had been to the Church of Rome. Their representatives at the side of every commander and at Headquarters spoke a language and preserved confidences of their own. The German Generals of Corps and Armies, Army-Group Commanders, nay, Hindenburg himself were treated by this confraternity, to an extent almost incredible, as figureheads, and frequently as nothing more." It was this extraordinary confraternity which raised the German military might to monstrous dimensions, provoked and organized inhuman exertions, and yet, by the inevitable workings of its own essence, brought down upon itself the great defeat.

Mr. Churchill does not dissemble his own delight in the intense experiences of conducting warfare on the grand scale which those can enjoy who make the decisions. Nor, on the other hand, does he conceal its awfulness for those who provide the raw material of these delights. The bias of emphasis is on the grand decisions and high arguments. But, not the less for this reason, is his book, in its final impression on the reader, a tractate against war—more effective than the work of a pacifist could be, a demonstration from one who loves the game, not only of the imbecility of its aims and of its methods, but, more than this, that the imbecility is not an accidental quality of the particular players but is inherent in its spirit and its rules.

J. M. KEYNES.

Anthony Comstock

Anthony Comstock, by Heywood Broun and Margaret Leech. New York: Albert and Charles Boni. 285 pages. $3.

THE simultaneous publication of this book and of Mr. Sinclair Lewis's Elmer Gantry is a happy accident. The authors in each case are religious sceptics, social liberals, moral free thinkers, and it would be hard to say which of them most hates the censorial mind or the righteous frenzy that wants to fig-leaf the whole world. But the resemblance between our authors soon ceases. Mr. Lewis pillories the publicity-hunting evangelist by making him a cheap, weak, sensual hypocrite; Miss Leech and Mr. Broun treat Anthony Comstock with the elementary sympathy due to any human being. To Miss Leech and Mr. Broun the truth about their man seems more important than a victory over a dead fanatic. They are interested in finding out what Comstock was made of; Mr. Lewis is interested in constructing a completely inflammable dummy. They are quite ready to like, even to admire, certain traits in Comstock; Mr. Lewis has carefully prepared the ground for nothing but hatred. In consequence, their effort is persuasive and highly readable, while Mr. Lewis both antagonizes our intelligence and proves exceedingly dull.

The contrast is not merely one between two sets of authors handling vaguely parallel themes, nor is it simply a technical contrast in methods. The case of these two books goes deeper: here are the two poles of our present mood of self-criticism, here are clear examples of the two most important schools of American self-exploration. Both schools at bottom like and dislike the same things, they are protesting against the same stupidities and fighting for the same changes; their ideal of what American civilization should be is essentially the same. But one school is grown-up, good-tempered, flexible, hospitable, curious-minded, while the other is irritable, belligerent, childishly partisan, ill-tempered, incurious and given to calling names. One school produces lively, sympathetic studies of times and people of whose actions and character it disapproves; the other school is inexhaustibly provided with hard words, wants to believe that every opponent is weak, sensual, vulnerable, or hypocritical, finds its resentments first and a basis for them afterward, and in general speaks of its enemies as warlike Americans used to speak of Germany, or as Comstock himself spoke of the people he was trying to have arrested.

A way of speech which, for one thing, was always vigorous. Here is Comstock's impression of a courtroom—full of his enemies:

"There were present the most disgusting set of Free-lovers. The women-part, thin-faced, cross, sour-looking, each wearing a look of 'Well, I am boss' and 'Oh, for a man.' The men, unworthy the name of men, licentious-looking, sneakish, mean, contemptable [sic], making a true man blush to be seen near them. This is Free Love."

And this is Comstock. Evidently, a man who can use such language and so feel about his fellow creatures is an oddity at whose absurdities one forgets to be angry because they are so irresistibly peculiar. And how can one for long continue to make fun of a man who is already his own caricature? Very soon, as one follows the queer sequence of his life, anger at his stupid cruelties, laughter at his foolish intensities, give way to curiosity: how is it possible, one asks, for a man to behave as he did; how does a human heart, a human mind, acquire just that eccentric fury; what were the wheels that went round inside of Comstock?

This last question the book inevitably fails to answer. It tells nearly everything that can reasonably be found out about Anthony Comstock, except the ultimate secret: how did it feel to *be* Anthony Comstock? The nearest we get to his inner self is in the copious quotations from the diaries. Just under the surface of the words, the secret kicks and squirms, like a dog under a blanket, but in the end we are still guessing at it. And so are Miss Leech and Mr. Broun. They do not offer a neat blueprint of Comstock's mechanism, nor a Freudian chart of his repressions and neuroses; they do not make an Elmer Gantry of him, a jumping-jack hypocrite, pulled by the wires of easy motives; they tell almost everything he did, and quote a great deal of what he said, and it is at once funny, pathetic, terrifying and not a little sad.

If one were determined to tar and feather Anthony Comstock in print, the justifications for it would be plentiful, and easy to find. One would go after the Anthony Comstock who boasted that he had convicted enough persons to fill a passenger train of sixty-one coaches; who believed that Sunday travel was a sin; who went to the theatre only twice in his life; who raided the Art Students' League; who thought that pictures exhibited in the Paris Salon were hung in a saloon; who considered that the naked female form becomes lewd as soon as it is observed; who answered abortionist and contraceptive advertisements in the newspapers with wheedling, deceptive letters; who, to gain convictions, would gladly masquerade as a free lover or simulate helpless intoxication; who destroyed, within three years, 134,000 pounds of smutty books, 194,000 pounds of obscene photographs, 60,300 forbidden rubber articles and 5,500 indecent playing cards; who took, as exhibits, samples of the above to Washington, where the Senators became "very much excited" about them; who gloried in the fact—and it was a fact—that fifteen of his victims had committed

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suicide, and could write in his ledger of accomplishments, along with lists of plates broken and books destroyed

Expressman dead.....1

who called Shaw an "Irish smut-dealer," and saw, almost anywhere he chose to look, his eternal, hydra-headed enemy, lust. Lust, lust, which (he could never forget it) "defiles the body, debauches the imagination, corrupts the mind, deadens the will, destroys the memory, sears the conscience, hardens the heart, and damns the soul."

But this Anthony Comstock, the butt of so many thousands of cartoons, is not the only one. He was not a cardboard villain, cut out in black and white. He was a courageous and single-hearted crusader, with the voice of God forever roaring in his ears. He was an unselfish, underpaid drill-sergeant of righteousness who made himself sick with overwork. He was able, shrewd, and poured out language that was far from prim. He wore red flannel underwear all the year round. He "collected postage stamps down to the day of his death, he was skilful at fine cabinet work, he loved the graceful, curved lines of Japanese vases and filled his house with these trinkets." In a long career, he did very little damage to sincere art or literature, and he did destroy a great quantity of downright dirt. His work in running down gamblers, swindlers, fake promoters and fraudulent advertising was useful and honorable.

He sat up once all night with a man who had "delerium tremans." When he visited Philadelphia, he was particularly anxious to see the Hospital and the "Gass works." After he was dead, his wife learned the use of a checkbook for the first time. But in their younger days, his diary tells how he "got home and found little wifey out. Found a dress partly done and I finished it on the machine for her and had the bastings almost out before she came. How she laughed." He used to carry cheap rubber toys in his pocket to give to children if he met any. "When Tweed was sent up for twelve years, Comstock was sorry for him: 'My temptations were not equal to this poor man's.'" He refused the salary that went with his Federal Postal Inspectorship. At his death, "his small estate included the mortgaged house in Summit, two insurance policies of $3,000 each, his stamp collection and a painting of Sheridan at Cedar Creek."

When Madame Restell, abortionist de luxe, saw that jail, thanks to Comstock, faced her again at sixty-seven, she killed herself in her bathroom on Fifth Avenue. Comstock saw the body. "A bloody ending to a bloody life," was all he said, and "The only thing which surprised him was the diamond studs in the bosom of her nightgown." When in Washington, he "visited the Ballroom [just before the inauguration] and helped hang up the Picture, 'Angel of Peace,' which Miss Etta Cooper has painted for President Grant."

That trip to Washington—surely it is one of the most remarkable journeys ever made by an American, here retold with great skill, humor, and just the right dash of melancholy. For days Congress has put off consideration of his great anti-obscenity bill, the passing of which will, in a large measure, be the crown of his career. Saturday, and midnight of Saturday, and the bill is still in the air. Comstock is still in the gallery. His conscience pricks him with the words, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy." For some time he argues with himself in the gallery. The bill, the child of his whole life, might be born any moment. "But conscience was stronger than expediency . . . and at twelve-thirty, when he had desecrated God's day for half an hour, he dragged himself from the house 'in a fearful state of mind.'"

He was usually in a fearful state of mind, somewhere on the rack between shame and exaltation. One reads the quotations from the diary, that blunt, inscrutable gallery of secrets, in a vain effort to penetrate further within him, and gauge the feeling behind the words. The struggle was real, and never-ceasing; no matter what he thought of other people, his opinion of himself was sincerely, often agonizingly, humble. He sinned, he suffered, he saw a gleam of light, on rare occasions peace descended to him, his ecstasies of devotion half-strangled him into uttering a kind of poetry; the lightning had struck him, he wavered, but he never forgot. And at the same time he was a prize idiot, a coarse meddler, a blind and cruel persecutor, and an intolerable tyrant. Where is the real man? Somewhere between the ginger-whiskered crusader and the chosen one of God who wrote in his diary on the last day of the year 1873, and meant every word of it:

> One heart throb and all is over. How stands the record? Things I ought to have done left undone, done things I ought not, stumbled and fallen many times, sinned over and over again, all unworthiness—yet, blessed thought, one Name is all sufficient. To that dear refuge let me fly.

ROBERT LITTELL.

The Passive Grief

The Happy Tree, by Rosalind Murray. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

THE HAPPY TREE is the story of a woman's life told by herself at forty. The narrative is simply and sensitively put down. Helen's life has been based on attachments to places and people; and time, accident, the War have changed the places and taken away the people. Her life has been, in short, a war of attrition between herself and the outer world; but in retrospect the reader at least can see that her part in the struggle was entirely passive. She had lived in the completeness with which these places and persons absorbed her. In taking them away from her, life has gradually taken also her capacity for more feeling. At forty her youth is gone—and instead of feeling herself at last mature for life, she finds that life itself is gone. She follows the routine of educating her children, tending a husband who has always been a second choice, and managing her house; but she no longer cares. If Hugo were still alive, she thinks, it would be different. . . .

Helen's childhood was spent happily with her two cousins, Hugo and Guy, in the atmosphere of understanding provided by their mother. They lived in a lovely but isolated home, where they built an imaginary world out of poetry and art for themselves. Certain places—or trees—had an esoteric value for them; they had their own ways of feeling and thinking. They were really a clique. The account of this childhood is given with exquisite sympathy, and also the account of its disastrous effect on Hugo and Helen. Guy had enough toughness to survive. Hugo and Helen, when they grew up, could only submit to life as an uncomfortable necessity which ignored the values they had cultivated; they were incapable of living it on its own terms. Perhaps this is the fate of all ultimate children of a long tradition, in which appreciation has taken the place of action. Both Hugo and Helen were intelligent, both were sensitive to every nuance of beauty and emotion. But the earlier positive drive of the tradition which had ended in them had been refined away until there

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was only sensitiveness left. Life demands a prodigality of energy, a ruthlessness, and, more important still, an impersonality. They met it with an intense but passive subjectivity. The final resort of the passive attitude is always the cult of personal relations. And the life dependent on such relations can be reduced by the accidents of environment to emptiness.

Hugo suffered Oxford, able neither to reject it nor to master it, and when he had finished his studies, took up the job of suffering London. Helen allowed herself to be married by the wrong man, knowing that Hugo loved her. When the War came, Hugo submitted to it as he had to Oxford, and was killed. Helen survived, with the knowledge that she had not lived. "I was happy when I was a child," she concludes, "and I married the wrong person, and someone I loved dearly was killed in the War . . . that is all. And all those things must be true of thousands of people."

Miss Murray has written this story of minor chords with insight and sincerity. One cannot read her book without feeling the genuineness of the characters and situations. Also the genuineness of their suffering. How far Miss Murray shares the belief of her character, Helen, that she had exhausted life when she had exhausted the personal approach, it is impossible to say, as the narrative is held skilfully at the exact angle of Helen's own view. And though the book on this account loses perspective, it certainly maintains a clear coherence. Despite its subdued tone, the story of Helen's gradual defeat—and surrender—is interesting from the first page to the last. Helen is a pathetic figure, not a tragic one; but Miss Murray never forces the pathos on us. It is implicit in the story.

LAWRENCE S. MORRIS.

The New Criminology

Crime and the Criminal, by Philip A. Parsons. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 387 pages. $3.

CRIMINOLOGY has been revolutionized in the past two or three decades. From doctrinaire discussions of the nature of criminals, delivered from the arm chair and smacking of preconceptions, we have at last begun to "go to the criminal for the facts." We have begun to study him in the laboratory of his own personality. They met it with an intense but passive subjec- lawyers, judges or even prison officials, whose job it is to keep criminals in confinement—but by psychologists and persons trained in psychology. We are discovering that many criminals, probably more than half, are afflicted with neurotic compulsions, inferiority complexes, constitutional defects and other aberrant and even pathological mental conditions. This gives greater hope of successful treatment, *as well as prevention,* than any previous method of approach.

The man on the street is still either ignorant of this progress or doubtful of its usefulness. He will be carried along, however, in the inexorable march of this science, just as he is carried along in the inexorable march of other sciences. Meanwhile, here and there, courts and penal institutions have experimented with the new ideas.

This book is the third comprehensive volume on crime and the criminal to be published in this country in the past three or four years. The first was E. H. Sutherland's Criminology and the second was John L. Gillin's Criminology and Penology. Both these books were better than the present one. (All three are cast in textbook form, but there is much in them that is readable by the layman.) Professor Parsons's sense of selection is not good and he writes at times diffusely. The present reviewer is altogether doubtful as to whether there is any value today in re-stating at length Cesare Lombroso's outworn notions about anatomical stigmata, such as that persons who commit crimes of violence are "characterized by coarse, straight hair, more often black than otherwise," and that the nose in criminals is frequently "enormous, protruding and crooked." It would be well if criminologists henceforth were to look upon these ideas with the eyes of antiquarians. Nevertheless, Professor Parsons's book gives plenty of space to recent studies of criminals, and his own point of view is thoroughly modern. In his discussion of punishment he makes clear that the prison is a failure, since it does not protect society; and that a more scientific method of treatment, based on what is known about the causes of crime, is now demanded. His book is useful in contributing to promote an understanding of the problems of criminology and an intelligent attitude toward them.

WINTHROP D. LANE.

The Theatre of George Jean Nathan, by Isaac Goldberg. New York: Simon and Schuster. 280 pages. $3.

IN Dr. Goldberg's previous study, The Man Mencken, we were informed that collars of a certain size were invariably worn by Mr. Mencken. In the present volume on Mr. Nathan, one is surprised and enchanted to learn that Mr. Nathan's coats are constructed with two breast pockets, one for his handkerchiefs and one for his horn-rimmed glasses, and that he possesses an overcoat with an alpine hood attachment.

Dr. Goldberg's light but genial entertainment is divided into four sections. Section one, comprising the first one hundred and thirty-nine pages, sets forth what Dr. Goldberg and Mr. Nathan think of George Jean Nathan; section two consists of a series of letters from Mr. Eugene O'Neill, what Mr. O'Neill felt toward Mr. Nathan in regard to the latter's appreciation of the former's plays; section three, a series of letters from Mr. Edward Gordon Craig, Mr. Craig's reasons for not coming to America and his admiration for Mr. Nathan; section four, juvenilia of Messrs. Nathan and Mencken. Dr. Goldberg chides his subject gently for his habit of self-contradiction and occasionally for some too outspoken fling at critical or social convention; but for the most part he limits himself to the simple rôle of commentator on Mr. Nathan's always definite statements of his prejudices or beliefs.

T. L.

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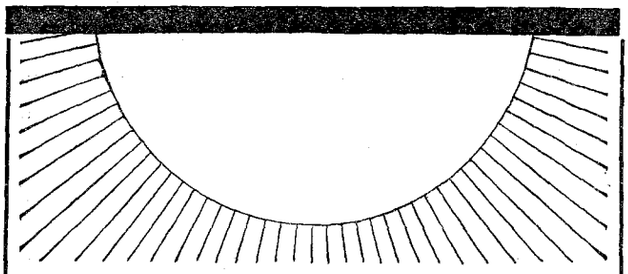

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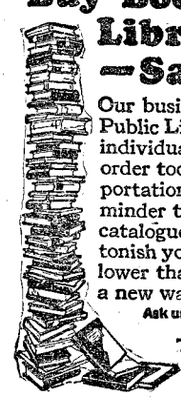

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